

Russel R. Taylor.

Summer 1936.

June 2nd

Left Toronto around 10 am with Marian.
Arrived Montreal in time for dinner at the Webster's.
After dinner took Chuck & Roly to the D.Y. house
where we met some of our illustrious Mc Gill
brothers.

June 3rd.

In the morning, Bob & I had the opportunity
of flying over Montreal with Eric. The going was
very smooth and extremely pleasant though
visibility rather poor — whole thing was a
tremendous thrill for both of us.

After lunch, Bob, Chuck and I went
down to the Cunard docks to inspect the
"Ansonia" and look over our cabin. Walked home
feeling thoroughly tired.

After dinner all four went driving in
Marian's car.

June 4th.

Bob and I spent the morning driving about town, gazing at various points of interest. Around noon, the Senators decided to go to Ottawa so Eric, Bob and I drove up with him in record-breaking time. We had a rather hurried trip through the Parliament building (popped in on the Legislature to hear a portion of a very dull speech by Mr. Fanny Stevens) and obtained a rather rough idea of how the country is run.

After Uncle Lorne had been in the Red Chamber about a half an hour, the old boys decided to stop work(?) until Monday and of course we were rushed back, almost immediately, to Montreal just in time for dinner.

This evening, Dick and Caddy came in for a while. After taking them home, Marian, Bob and I went up to Colin's house and saw some movies he and Jean took while on their latest West Indies cruise.

(We sail tomorrow! —

June 5th

Sailed from Montreal harbour at 11.30 — Marian and Stuart saw us off. The weather was positively perfect all day and we were able to bask in the sun up in the fo'c'sle all afternoon.

It was with a great deal of surprise and pleasure that we discovered Jim Cudmore (Trinity '32) on the same boat. He and his mother are up on the 1st class deck and are on their way to Palestine where Jim's father is setting up a statistical department for the government of Palestine. Of course, he is more at home down here in 3rd class than up above and has spent most of his time with us — he is positively the strangest and most amusing creature I have ever run into.

About 9 this evening we passed Quebec which presented a very impressive sight from the water. The moon was just rising at the time and added further to the grandeur of the scene.

We are all in extremely good spirits

exceedingly happy, and looking forward
to ~~one~~ grand summer.

The boys kicked me out of the cabin
when I attempted to start this little account
of today's happenings after they had all turned
in.

June 6th

Sat around on deck most of the morning. Visibility was unusually clear so that we were able to obtain excellent views of the river banks on both side all of which was most impressive. Jim Cudmore was again on hand with his customary, peculiar wit.

In an attempt to get in some much-needed exercise, I got Cudmore to take me up to the 1st class deck where we played a bit of deck-tennis. I am not so sure that my presence was greatly appreciated as I noticed several of the officers casting suspicious glances at me.

There was a bit of a party at dinner tonight (balloons, etc.). We met a couple of co-eds from Nebraska University ^(tri-delta's) who are intending to travel about Europe in a manner similar to ours. One is a graduate student who is quite noisy; the other is an undergrad (not so noisy). They are parked in the cabin next to ours so we're got to be careful about any comments we make.

At time of writing we are approaching the south-western corner of Newfoundland.

June 7th

All day we have been approaching the open sea and the dining room was consequently not so crowded. I have found that the best way to ~~feel~~ keep feeling well is to keep doing something upon the deck. We all took up shuffle-board today and found it rather a pleasant game.

This being Sunday we attended the evening service which was exceedingly short and routine.

June 8th

Quite rough today but everything OK so far (gastronomically speaking). We have been plowing through a nasty fog for two days now, characteristic of this iceberg region (just off Cape Race).

Had tea up in the cabin class today, a pleasant change after our own dining room.

June 9th

The ship's motors were shut off for almost seven hours during the night owing to the dense fogs and proximity of the icebergs. Along about four p.m. things cleared up though and since then we have been making good time.

Had a lot of fun trying to dance in the lounge this evening with the floor moving

under our feet. The old boat certainly is rolling but we're all feeling absolutely fine.

June 10 — Half way across and the old sea is kicking up plenty but I'm beginning to enjoy the roll of the ship.

June 11 — Nothing ~~xx~~ out of the ordinary happened today. They tell us that we land at Plymouth Saturday night.

June 12 — I spent most of the day on the cabin class deck where I met some very interesting and charming people and played a lot of deck tennis.

This evening, after the customary ship's concert which was fair to middling, I returned to the upper decks to ~~the~~ dance a bit.

June 13

Was very tired after breakfast this morning so I went back to bed until noon. Around 1 p.m. we passed the Scilly Islands, our first view of land for 8 days. All afternoon I was up playing deck tennis on the cabin deck where I had tea with the Macdonalds — very nice people. The view of the south coast from the boat was marvellous especially that of Plymouth where a small boat came out to take off passengers and mail.

Tonight we were all up on the cabin after deck singing our heads off and providing the passengers of the *Auronia* with sweet music.

June 14th

Around 8 am. we docked at le Harre where about thirty passengers ~~also~~ (including our friend Monsieur Tirol) disembarked. The city itself looked very quaint ~~the~~ from the harbour where dozens of fishing boats were at anchor.

Spent all morning and most of the afternoon playing tennis on the upper deck with Cudmore and the Macdonalds. While at tea this afternoon we passed by the great chalk cliffs of Dover - a sight which I'm sure I'll never forget.

About 2 pm. we pulled up in the middle of the Channel at the Thames' mouth just opposite Tilbury where we are at present riding at anchor. London tomorrow!

June 15th

We docked at Funnay around 11 am. and after the customary red tape, buses took us to Russell Square. After lunch we groped our way through the crowds to Trafalgar Square and registered at Canada House. A cablegram ^{staring} from Dad giving Chuck and me our examination results provided us with a pleasant surprise. After a short walk through the beautiful St. James park we came back to the hotel and had dinner.

Around 9 p.m., we decided that we wanted to go somewhere so a bus driver on consultation, suggested we go down to Limehouse. Thinking this an excellent idea we worked our way by means of buses in that general direction. After walking for about ~~and~~ an hour through Stepney, a very tough and old but very interesting district, we reached the famous Chinatown. Coming across a quaint looking Chinese restaurant, we decided to go in and look around but when we got in we found it just packed with dirty, smelly Chinese men and girls half-drunk or doped. As ~~the~~ all tables were occupied and owing to

the lateness of the hour, we decided to call it a day and left the place arriving at the hotel, thoroughly tired, around 12.30.

June 16th Spent most of the morning making inquiries at the Royal Automobile Club regarding the purchase of a car. While I was in Canada House at noon, I was surprised to bump into Prof. Kemp who is on his way to Russia.

In the afternoon, we took a tube-car way out to Cheswick to look at an automobile. It certainly was quite an experience, this being our first underground ride.

Tonight the four of us along with Angus McPhee, a Saskatchewan lad who came over on the boat with us, went to see the stage play "The Dominant Sex" at the Aldwyn Theatre — I must say it was a perfect riot though rather risqué for such uncivilized minds as ours.

June 17.

This business of getting a car to suit us has turned out to be a nasty one as well as a terrible nuisance. Bob and I spent the morning making inquiries but accomplished very little. At noon I had lunch with Mrs. Alan Esden of the Imperial Airways, an old friend of the family. Of course, we had a very pleasant time together talking over old times spent in Chatham.

Saw a bit more of this tremendous city this afternoon including Old Drury Street and Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop.

This evening, Polly and I after searching about an hour for the theatre showing Edgar Wallace's "The Frog", gave it up and went to see the American play "Three Men on a Horse". It was quite a riot and needless to say most enjoyable.

June 18 - London.

This morning we became acquainted with a very interesting Scotsman who is staying at our hotel. He is full of all kinds of tales and has evidently quite a background having spent 10 years in the merchant marine; he was also in the War and was captured and escaped. He seems to think that Britain is under-armed and that there's going to be another big scrap very soon.

He was very kind to us in every respect and agreed to take us to London Tower this morning. Of course, it is something I'll never forget and it was so much more interesting to have our friend along with us to explain things. After visiting the tower, we crossed the river and walked over to the Old George Inn, famous stage terminus in Dickens's novels. The place is just exactly what I've imagined an old English tavern to be like and though they soaked us 3 shillings for dinner, it was certainly an enjoyable experience.

By the time we got home it was

time to catch the bus for Aldershot where the annual tattoo is held. Bob and Roly ^{wouldn't} ~~didn't~~ come with us so we got Angus Mc Phee to come along.

Never before have I seen such a marvellous display of pageantry — 4,000 soldiers of the permanent force in the display ^{among which was} including a military band of 1,500 including a cavalry band. A beautiful colour display was presented in the first number of the programme showing the differences in the style of regimental uniforms from the 17th century to the present day. Also, contrasts in old and modern methods of infantry and artillery fighting were brought out in a very striking display. ^{Re-enactments} ~~Restatements~~ of the Rangoon Expedition of 18 the battle of Bannockburn and the presentation of the first Prince of Wales were done very well — all in the costumes and uniforms of the time.

We were indeed very tired when we got back to the hotel at 3 am.

London - June 19 Spent practically another day messing about in connection with the car, insurance, licences, etc. — however, we've more to do yet.

Tonight we all went out to the famous Madame Tassaud's Wax Exhibition. Of course it was extremely interesting and I was fooled on more than one occasion when I found that the person I was addressing was a wax figure. Bob and I stayed at the cafe there and danced a bit with some French girls who are here ^{in town} studying English. It was a lot of fun trying my French on them.

but most amusing, I suppose, for them.

London. Spent most of the morning checking up on
June 20th odd items re car. Bob and I had lunch at
the famous Simpson's restaurant ~~with~~, the guests
of Paul Nathanson. After lunch we took a
hurried trip through the British War Museum
where are collected all sorts of military equipment
ancient and modern as well as displays
of medals, flags and ship models.

After the Museum we took a hurried peep
at Westminster Abbey which is so large that
one could easily spend a day there — must
certainly do it before we leave England.

Tonight we had dinner with Bill
Grand, George Gardiner and George Rogers
three Toronto lads who are taking an
automobile trip of England and Scotland this
summer. Sat around and rested all evening

London

June 21.

Bob, Chuck and I went to St. Paul's Cathedral this (Sunday) morning. Of course the service itself consisted of the usual High English Church ritual and it being Communion Sunday, we left after the sermon. The interior of the church is certainly magnificent, a contrast to the exterior which, except for the huge dome, is rather drab and dirty.

This afternoon I had two very interesting discussions with two men staying at our hotel, one a Japanese, the other a German. The Jap seems to think that war between his country and U.S.A is utterly impossible. A staunch nationalist, he insisted that Japan's policy is not a war-like one and he put ^{up} a very strong argument for Japanese interference in the north of China.

My German friend is at present writing a sociological history of Europe for publication next year. He is a graduate of the University of Hamburg and it seems that he was writing for a left-wing German paper when Hitler brought in the Nazi regime in 1933.

which (so it seems) made things so uncomfortable that he was forced to leave Germany. He earnestly believes that a war between Russia and Germany is inevitably near-at-hand and that Japan will ~~take~~ link up with Germany (he has been given to understand by his confederates that secret treaties between Germany and Japan already exist) and that France will, of course, support Russia. He also believes that China will link up with Russia and France against Germany and Japan and that Great Britain, owing to large economic interests in China will be forced into the fray. He even pictures the destruction of all European and Asiatic civilization resulting from such a war.

Of course, all this seems too fantastic to me but it is very interesting to obtain such ideas from a European, and a very scholarly European for that is the impression ~~he gave me~~ I got of him.

Later in the afternoon, Bob and I went to Hyde Park. The place was full of soap-box orators expressing views on everything from the Mosaic Laws to Social Credit. It was especially amusing to listen to hecklers some of whom were extremely comical.

London

London

June 22

Expected to get away at noon so Roly and I went to see changing of the guards at Buckingham Palace while Chuck and Bob checked up on the car. The ceremony itself was rather dull after seeing the marvellous Aldershot exhibition but certainly worth while looking at.

Unfortunately the mechanic had some trouble with the car and we were informed that we couldn't get it until late at night which meant another night in London.

After dinner I was almost at the point of exhaustion so I went to bed at 8.30 pm.

~~London~~

Speedometer - London, 19556 miles

- Oxford, 19631 "

distance for day - 75 "

Oxford
June 23

Finally got away around noon and headed for Oxford. At Windsor, we stopped in to see the famous Windsor Castle, ~~partime~~ part-time residence of the royal family. It is indeed a very beautiful and interesting place, with some of its buildings dating back as far as 1066 though most of it is Victorian construction. The garden at the back is probably the prettiest one I have ever seen.

Landed ~~at~~ in at Oxford around 1pm. and were quite surprised to meet Arnold Smith, Rhodes scholar from Toronto, and fraternity brother of Bob's, walking down the main street. He has asked ^{us} to have breakfast with him at his College (Christ's Church) in the morning.

S.R. - Chidock 1976 miles

distance for day 135 miles

Chidock

June 24

Had a marvellous breakfast in Ann Smith's very fine room at Christ's Church College. We were all extremely thrilled with the old buildings and rooms that we saw. The lawns and gardens in and about the Colleges were extremely lovely. In fact, we were so taken with everything that we spent the whole morning looking through 3 of the colleges.

About 3.30 we left Oxford for the coast and I had my first taste of driving on the left-hand side of the road. It was quite simple once I became used to it. Around 8 p.m. we stopped at Dorchester and had supper at an old inn about 300 years of age.

Shortly after 10 p.m. we reached a delightful spot just above the sea near Chidock where we pitched both tents in preparation for our first night of camping.

S.R - 19859 miles
distance for day - 93

Plymouth

June 25

Spent all morning looking around the environs of our camp-site - washed and shaved in the sea. The farmer on whose land we camped lives in an old manor-house (thatched roof, of course). He showed us the ruins of an old stone building which was in the days of feudalism, the Kirk of the manor. Nestled in a little valley beside the highest peak of the south coast of England this is probably the most exquisite place I have ever seen before.

Had "brunch" at an old tavern by the roadside near Chidock and though they charged us two bob each, it was probably the best meal we've had since leaving London.

At Plymouth we had a blow-out on one of our new re-built tires just as we entered the city. On inspection, we discovered that the ~~whole~~ two front-wheels were completely out of line and the tire was worn right through. Decided to stay the night at Plymouth and camp out again.

I find that Plymouth has 120,000 people, a great surprise to me for I formerly assumed

SR - 20005 miles
distance for day - 146 "

it to be a mere fishing-town.

somewhere
in Cornwall
June 26/36

Left Plymouth around 11.30 pm., being delayed by tire-trouble. Had "brunch" at an old inn at a little town called Liskard. This afternoon we came into the beautiful Cornwall district which is even better country than Dorset and Devonshire. We reached Land's End, the most westerly part of England around 6 pm. I was practically intoxicated with the beauty of the view of the huge cliffs and craggs there. I never realized that any spot on earth could be so beautiful.

Around 7 pm. we had supper at an old English tavern which, I believe, is an old manor-house. It was one of those unique south-of-England meals with cream so thick it can be cut with ~~an~~ a knife and scones that melt in your mouth.

Tonight we are camping on ~~the~~ ^a beautiful moor which overlooks a huge cliff down to the sea. The ground is covered with a small purple flower which just fills

the air with a very sweet-smelling perfume.
Someday I shall spend a whole month in
Cornwall.

SR - 20201
distance for day - 202

Weston-

super-mare

June 27

After driving all day up the west coast through very magnificent country we finally reached Weston-super-mare where we were supposed to meet Paul Nathanson. As we had trouble again with our brake drums (almost seized up this time with the heat), we didn't arrive until 9 pm. which was about $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours late of the appointed time. After inquiring at several hotels, phoning to London and walking up and down the street in search of Paul, we finally gave up and went to bed.

distance for day - 71 miles

Near Gloucester Walked around all morning in search of Paul but without success.

June 20 We had to leave the hotel at noon and were on the point of departure when I decided to have one last look at the Great Atlantic hotel for Paul - and sure enough, there he was.

Around 1 o'clock, we had lunch (really dinner) at Paul's hotel - darn nice of him because it was about a 4 1/6 meal meal.

Walked around the beach most of the afternoon and left Weston - Super Mare around 5, driving up through Gloucester where we stopped off to look at the Cathedral there. It is about 800 years old, one of the oldest in England and in perfect structural condition.

So tonight we are staying at a little farmhouse on the highway - very typical of this part of England. The farmer spent some time in Calgary and so became

quite enthusiastic about us four Canadians.
He just about talked our heads off telling
us about the "Strathcona Horse", ~~in~~ with which
he served during the war.

SR - 20358 miles
Dford - 80 "

Bridge Inn
near Usk, Wales

June 29/36

At noon we had had a little difficulty with the ammeter on the car which held us up for a couple of hours. All day, we've been driving through the famous Wye valley. Symonds Yat, a little village in the valley is supposed to be one of the prettiest spots in England. Unfortunately it was very cloudy and dull all day so that we couldn't appreciate it to the full. Further down the river at Fintern, we stopped off to look through the ruins of a very old abbey which took over 100 years to build. It was ordered to be destroyed by Henry VIII when he got sore at the Pope back in the 15th century. As it began to rain shortly after we got inside the place, we had to cut short our visit here.

Around seven o'clock we landed in at this old tavern - a very homey and comfortable place.

Planneddygyn

Wales

June 30

All day we've been driving through the heart of Wales - country entirely different from what we have been seeing all week. The road winds all over the place, up down and around mountains, over tiny streams so that although we actually drove 150 miles, it was about $\frac{1}{2}$ that distance as the crow flies. The little Welsh villages are extremely picturesque, all of them nestled in beautiful valleys with mountains all around.

This afternoon we ran across a Welshman and his wife walking along the road. He is looking for work wherever he can get it and apparently goes from town to town on foot with his wife - even managed to hit us up for a sixpence each. Like many of these Welsh coal-miners, he has been out of permanent employment since 1926 and painted to us a very sad picture of the situation. From what information I can pick up here and there, those who are permanently employed in Wales are overburdened with taxes required to keep the hundreds of unemployed ^{miners} alive.

These Welsh people speak with a most ~~of~~ amusing accent and it is quite a riot to hear them

chatter away in Gaelic.

This little village is right by the sea and we're camping out in a sheep field (sheep basking all around us). Dark clouds are appearing above the high hills which surround this little valley so we may be in for some dirty weather tonight.

Chester

July 1.

All day we've been driving through the very beautiful mountainous country of North Wales. Unfortunately however, it has been misty and quite rainy most of the day which of course detracted from the beauty to a great extent. I would have given my shirt to get a picture of some of the mountains.

We stopped off at Harlech to inspect the famous castle there — erected in 1290. Now, only the walls and turrets are standing but it was very interesting to look through.

At Carnarvon, we passed by another castle, much larger than the one at Harlech and equally famous. All along the road from Carnarvon, we must have passed by at least $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen castle ruins — the country is evidently just full of them.

At Conway, location of Conway castle (1285) we stopped to have a swim in a bathing pool right beside the sea. It was my first swim in salt water since the summer of 1927.

Chester is evidently a very old place

and although we pulled in here around 11 p.m., it appeared very picturesque and "Old English" from what we could see on the main street.

Near here is the location of Bob's ancestral estates which he intends to inspect in the morning.

As it looks very much like another dirty wet night we chose to spend the night at a "bed and breakfast" house.

July 2nd

This morning after Br breakfast, Bob went out to look up his "ancestral estates" while Chuck, Pely & I looked about the town. As I had assumed, it is a very old town, encircled by a Roman wall over 1500 years old and in remarkably fine state of preservation. Also are the remains of an old amphitheatre and Roman bath. The town has a very fine old cathedral of 14th century architecture; we inspected it ~~also~~ this morning.

Between Birkenhead and Liverpool, we went through the new tunnel under the Mersey. I understand it is one of the largest, if not the largest river tunnel in the world. After Liverpool we went off our course a bit to have a look at the famous sea-side resort Blackpool. Charles was bent on staying the night there but after considerable argument, we talked him out of it. Tonight we reached the famous English Lakes district, the first one being Windermere. As there were a number of people camping at the tourist park there, we drove off the highway to a little village called Elbowater. It is completely

surrounded by mountains down which flows a small stream into another little lake and at present we are camping in a small pasture field about ten feet from the stream.

At A full moon is beaming over the mountains - indeed a very magnificent sight.

July 3rd
Anon

Scotland

As the ground was soaked with rain and dew, we didn't get away from our camping-ground until noon. After "brunch" at the near-by town, we drove farther north into the mountains where Chuck and I climbed ^(almost) to the peak of the 2nd highest of the whole Cumberland series. We were only about 150 feet from the top and as the clouds were so thick, we decided to go no further up. Bob and Roly got up about $\frac{1}{2}$ way. A farmer at the foot of the peak informed us that it was 2500 feet above sea-level.

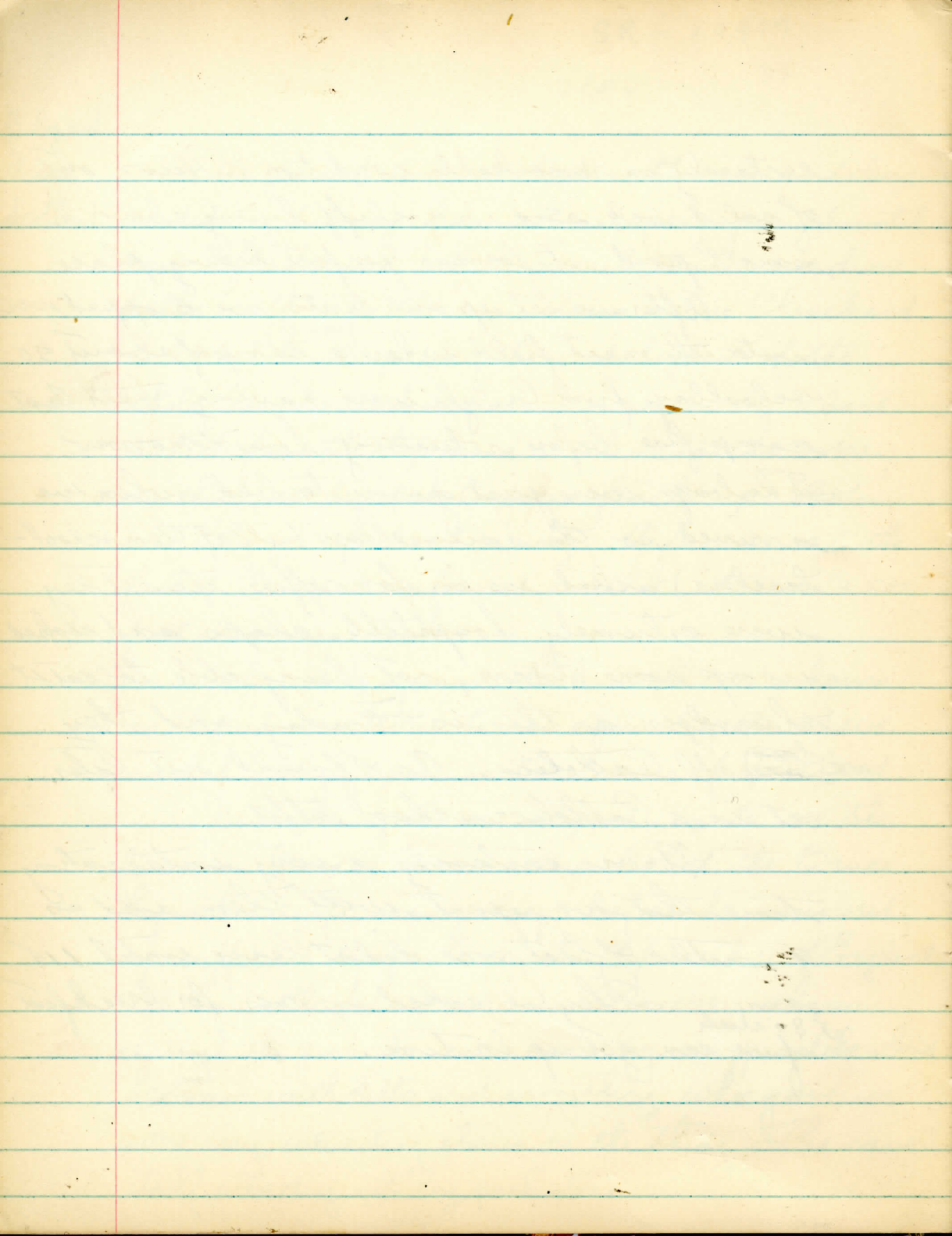
The whole episode took well over 2 hours so that it was time to eat again ~~by~~ ^{at} the as we reached Carlisle, just on the border of Scotland.

Near this spot, we stopped in to see the famous "Bruce's cave" where Robert the Bruce lay in hiding for many days before he mustered up sufficient troops to meet Edward I of England at the battle of Bannockburn. We were shown through the grounds and cave by a typical lowland Scotsman with kilts and everything who gave us some very interesting stories on the thing. The cave itself was dug out by prehistoric men and is

certainly in remarkable condition. Hewn out of solid rock ~~and~~ in a cliff lying above a small pond, it forms a perfect hiding place.

After we set up our tents we dropped over into the next field where a camp of about 50 schoolboys from Carlyle were having their last camp-fire before returning home tomorrow. The boys were just going to bed when we arrived so the counsellors (all of them school-teachers) asked us in for coffee, etc. They were extremely hospitable chaps and cooked us up some bacon, not being able to eat it themselves as this is Friday and they are ~~are~~ all Catholics. As I found out later, it is a Catholic school outfit.

It was certainly a very interesting time that we spent with them and as a matter of fact, we didn't leave until 1.15 am. — They've asked us over for breakfast at 8 o'clock if we can get up in time.



Luss
Locksmond
July 4/36.

To my great surprise, I slept right through until 11.30 this morning, one hour and a half after our friends had left. Having "brunch" at Duness, we drove all afternoon northward through the Scottish lowlands touching such places as Hamilton, Paisley, Renfrew and Dunbarton.

Around eight o'clock this evening we stopped in at this farm-house to set up camp in a field right beside the lake which is beautiful beyond description. As we were getting things in shape there was a positively glorious sunset, shooting red flames over the tops of lofty mountains and reflecting on the lake.

Afterwards, we walked down to the near-by village of Luss where all the country-folk and travellers seem to gather on Saturday nights. Along about 10 p.m. we got acquainted with two rather comely young ladies - Scotch girls who had bicycled up here from Lanarkshire. Roby and I sat around and talked with them and sang some of their Scotch songs until the rain terminated the evening.

at about 1 am.

SR - 21075

Dford - 17 miles

Loch

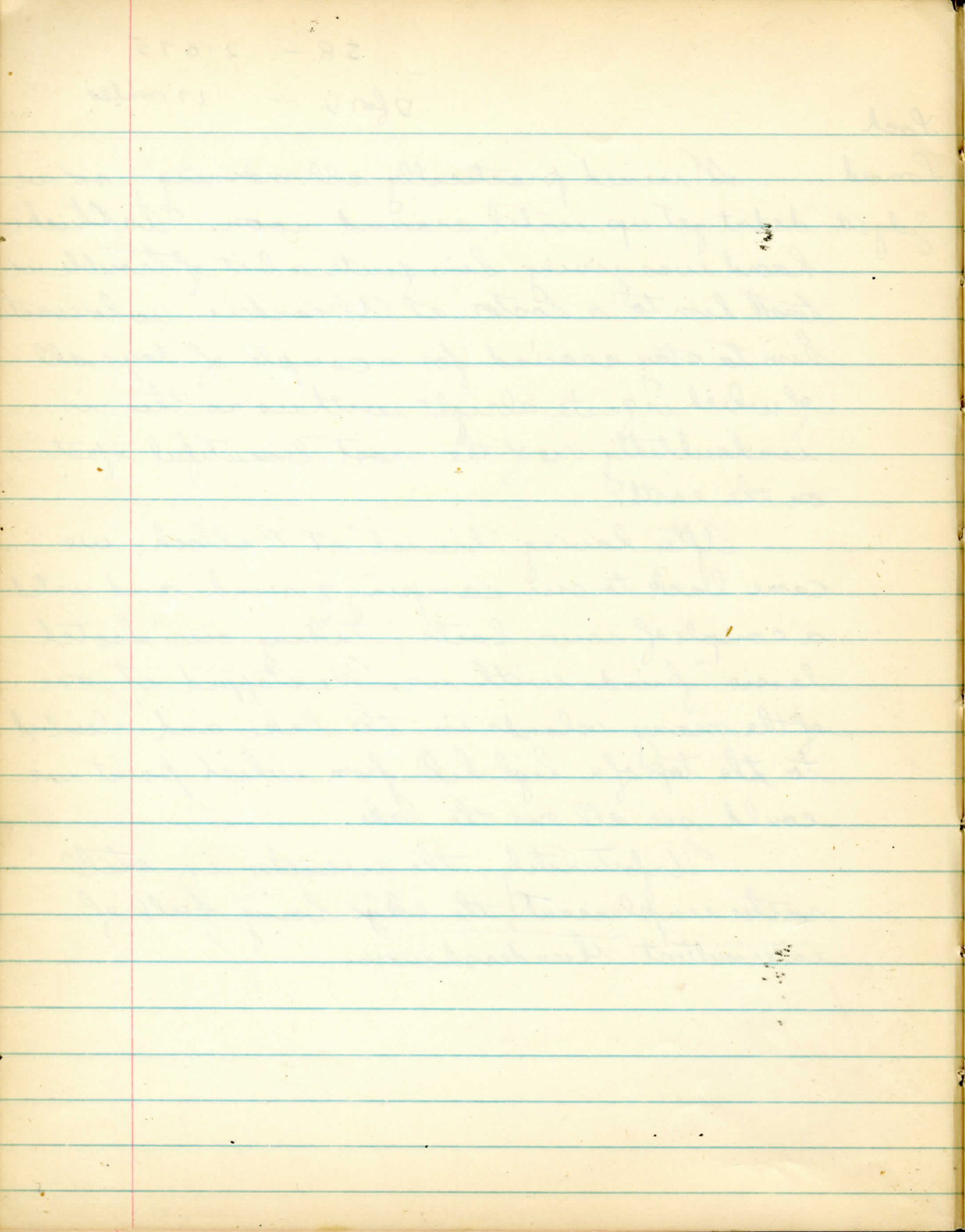
Lomond

July 5th

It rained practically all morning, so we didn't get up until around noon. As Chuck's hand was giving him quite a bit of trouble we took him to a doctor at Alexandria who wants him to stay around for a couple of days all of which is quite alright with us as this is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful spots on the earth.

After having "brunch" at Balloch, we came back to our camping ground and rented a couple of row-boats, taking our "Scotch lassie" friends with us. We stopped at one of the many islands in the lake and climbed to the top of a high hill from which point we could see all over the lake.

Unfortunately, the weather is still rather unpleasant, the ships being full of intermittent thundershowers.



Loch Lomond

July 1/26

This morning we took Chuck into town to see the doctor and after looking about the place, we had lunch and returned to the Loch. While the boys were having a bit of a snooze, I climbed to the top of a high hill behind our camp site from which point I could see all over the lake. — positively marvellous view.

In the middle of the afternoon, Bob, Pety and I rowed across to an island near here and had a bit of a wash and swim though the water was terribly cold.

This evening, Bob and I became acquainted with a bunch of moving picture cameramen who have come up here from London with Richard Barthlemess who is making a new picture called "Spy of Napoleon", an adaptation from the book — "The Fall of an Empire". It seems that Loch Lomond is the nearest ~~place~~ ^{thing} they have to a Swiss Lake so they came up here for a stay of 15 or so days. We hope to go out with them on the lake in the morning at 8.30 if weather permits it.

I havint seen Barthlemess yet but hope to meet him in the morning.

Lock Lomond

July 7/36

As the weather was nasty when we awoke this morning, we thought that our friends of the film company wouldn't be out so we didn't bother going down to the hotel until quite late in the morning, only to find that they actually had left.

Chuck went in to Alexandria to have an operation on his hand this morning. The doctor now wants him to stay the week here so I guess we'll push on without him and pick him up at the end of the week in Edinburgh.

This afternoon, I had a swim on the nearby island with some people from Glasgow who are spending their holidays here. - Very fine people indeed - even asked me for supper at the farmhouse where they are staying. All during the meal, I was entertained by the chap who owns the house - a true Scotsman who travelled around the world, working ^{his way} from one country to another and taking seven years to do it.

Around 10 pm., I strolled down

to the hotel and spent the rest of the evening with the chaps from the film company - very fine and hospitable ~~old~~ men.

I haven't the faintest idea where Bob and Roly have gone to and haven't seen them since 4 pm. —

(At 2 am. they rolled in after having been to dance at Hell-and-gone down on the Clyde.)

Loch Ness
July 8

At ten o'clock this morning, we took Chuck in to the doctor's to be fixed up, later returning to camp, packing up and leaving around noon without Chuck. We'll pick him up at Edinburgh this week-end.

At Harbet which is eight miles up from Luss we stopped to watch them work on the film. Our friends invited us on the boat to see them shoot a couple of scenes all of which was very interesting. My friend Eric, ^{the cameraman} kept me so busy talking to him that I didn't have a chance to speak to Barthelmes who seemed to be fraternizing with everyone. The leading lady in the picture, Dorothy Heas was certainly not much to look at even though she may appear well on the screen.

All afternoon we've been driving through absolutely marvellous country. I thought that many parts of England were amazingly beautiful but Scotland, I'm beginning to think, has it over everything. The moor and grouse-lands of these Scottish highlands are certainly a sight to behold.

We were all extremely impressed by the rugged beauty of the Glen Coe pass where the clan Campbell massacred the Macdonalds back in the 18th century. There has been considerable rain most of the day and of course clouds, which are very beautiful against the lofty highland mountains.

The sight of such a spectacle (cloudsets) at Ben Nevis ~~was~~ ^{was} probably the best of the lot. Incidentally Ben Nevis is over 4000 feet above sea-level, the highest peak in the British Isles. Snow can be seen in the little fissures up near the very top.

All evening we've been driving along the ~~west~~ shores of the Caledonian Canal and now we're on the north shore of Loch Ness, famous for the "monster" that is supposed to be living in its waters. However, the doctor at Alexandria told me this morning that a certain mixture of whiskey and honey, a favourite drink in these parts, is ^{probably} responsible for the rumour.

Supplementary:-

I took some pictures of Richard Bartholomew acting

a scene for the picture while on the boat. I certainly hope they turn out well because it will be very interesting to refer to them when I see the film released.

July

Loch Ness

July 9th
11 am.

The sight of the morning sun on the opposite shore of Loch Ness is something worth writing about. The banks are very steep and covered with a mixture of purple heather and evergreen trees. It is not really a lake ~~but~~ but rather a fairly wide river - I should judge about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile in width. As I write this impression down, a small coastal steamer is just passing in a westerly direction. This Caledonian Canal, I understand, is a very old one though it permits coastal vessels to pass from the North Atlantic to the North Sea.

Getting back to the description of the opposite bank - the sun is just coming from behind a cloud and producing a curious effect on the landscape which ^{now} seems to resemble a maze of green, purple and gold. It reminds me of the sun-set last night ^{at Port Augusta} reflecting a field of yellow flowers on the far bank down on the waters of the Loch and producing ~~the~~ ^a most astounding phenomenon. The lake, affected by the reflection looked like a pot of solid gold!

11 pm.

Landed in here rather late after searching for near Braemar about 2 hours for a camping spot - finally found

this one in a fine, soft heather-bed.

Today at noon we had lunch at Anverness, the leading city of northern Scotland. Along in the afternoon, we stopped at Elgin to view the ruins of the old Elgin Cathedral, 2nd oldest church in Scotland. The thing was erected in the 13th century and later destroyed by the grandson of Robert the Bruce in the rage that followed when he learned of his own excommunication by the Pope around 1390. We also looked at some of the country's curios ^{in the town museum.}

This evening, we've been passing through a much different type of countryside - mostly rolling and covered with cultivated fields and moors - nevertheless very beautiful when viewed from a high place.

Near Loch

Katrine

July 10th

Since noon we've been driving through extremely sparsely populated country, though intensely lovely. At Balmoral we could see from the road Balmoral Castle which is the Scottish residence of the Royal family. Then at Braemar is another very fine castle and a golf course and playing-field where each year is held the greatest ^{display in Scotland} of ~~the~~ Scottish athletic games. Also went through Devil's Elbow Pass today.

This evening we reached the world-famous Trossachs, the most popular of Scottish lakes districts. Loch Katrine, at which we stopped for a few moments, is the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake".

Now we are camping on the shores of Loch Ard which is quite near Loch Lomond; in fact, I can see ~~see~~ the peak of Ben Lomond from here. The sun has just disappeared behind the mountains but there is still plenty of light. (Last night, there was no real darkness until 12.30 am.) It seems that every place we come to, I think to myself "Surely this is the finest of all." That ^{again} is the impressim that I get as I view the sight before me. Even though the rest of Scotland

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is marvellous, the beauty of these Frossachs surpasses everything. This is undoubtedly the finest time of year for scenery as all the trees (mostly all evergreen) and grass-lands are at their greenest and, added to this, the purple heather which is very abundant, is just coming into bloom.

Edinburgh

July 11/36

This morning we managed to get up a little earlier than usual and get away by nine o'clock, quite a record for us. About 11 o'clock we reached Sterling and so stopped off to visit the famous Sterling Castle. It is perhaps the most famous of all Scottish castles and for many years was the residence of royalty. It looks ~~into~~ ^{on} the field of Bannockburn where in 1314 was fought the ^{most} famous battle in Scotland's history.

The architecture bears numerous traces of ~~the~~ French influence - mostly due to the marriage of James III to Margaret of Guise. There is even the ~~teraced~~ remains of a typical French terraced garden right beside the castle walls. The Castle has been the temporary residence of many famous historical characters of course, including Robert the Bruce and Mary Queen of Scotland.

At one o'clock this afternoon we reached Edinburgh where I was happy to receive about eight letters from home, the first

news I've had from the other side for three weeks.

Edinburgh is indeed a fine city, probably the finest I have ever seen. While Bob and Polly went to a movie this evening, I walked about the streets a bit though all the points of interest, which we shall see tomorrow, were closed. The city was evidently designed on a rational basis for its streets and city-blocks are rectangular and all the thoroughfares are very wide. The buildings which are large and very stately are also very fine and the place is packed with monuments.

Edinburgh
July 12.

This morning, Bob and I went to the service at St. Giles Cathedral a very fine and old church which has had quite a history. It is certainly a beautiful place and has one of the finest organs I have ever heard. ~~The~~ It was just packed with people, most of whom were tourists:— we had to get in a line outside in order to get a seat. Coming out of the church we bumped into Jean Robertson, Toronto '36 who is on a student tour of England, Scotland and France.

After lunch we looked through the famous Edinburgh castle which stands on a high rock towering above the city. Adjoining the castle is a shrine erected recently to ~~commemorate~~ ^{commemorate} the lives of Scotsmen lost in the Great War. It is certainly a fine piece of work.

After visiting the castle, we walked over to Holyrood Palace, residence of Scottish royalty for hundreds of years. The chambers once occupied by Mary Queen of

Scots was shown to us, all containing the furniture of the time. Alongside the palace are the remains of a chappel of 13th century construction and still in fairly good shape.

After that, we walked back to the hotel, stopping to view some of the many buildings built in the style of Greek architecture which type are quite prominent throughout the city thus accounting for Edinburgh being termed "the modern Athens".

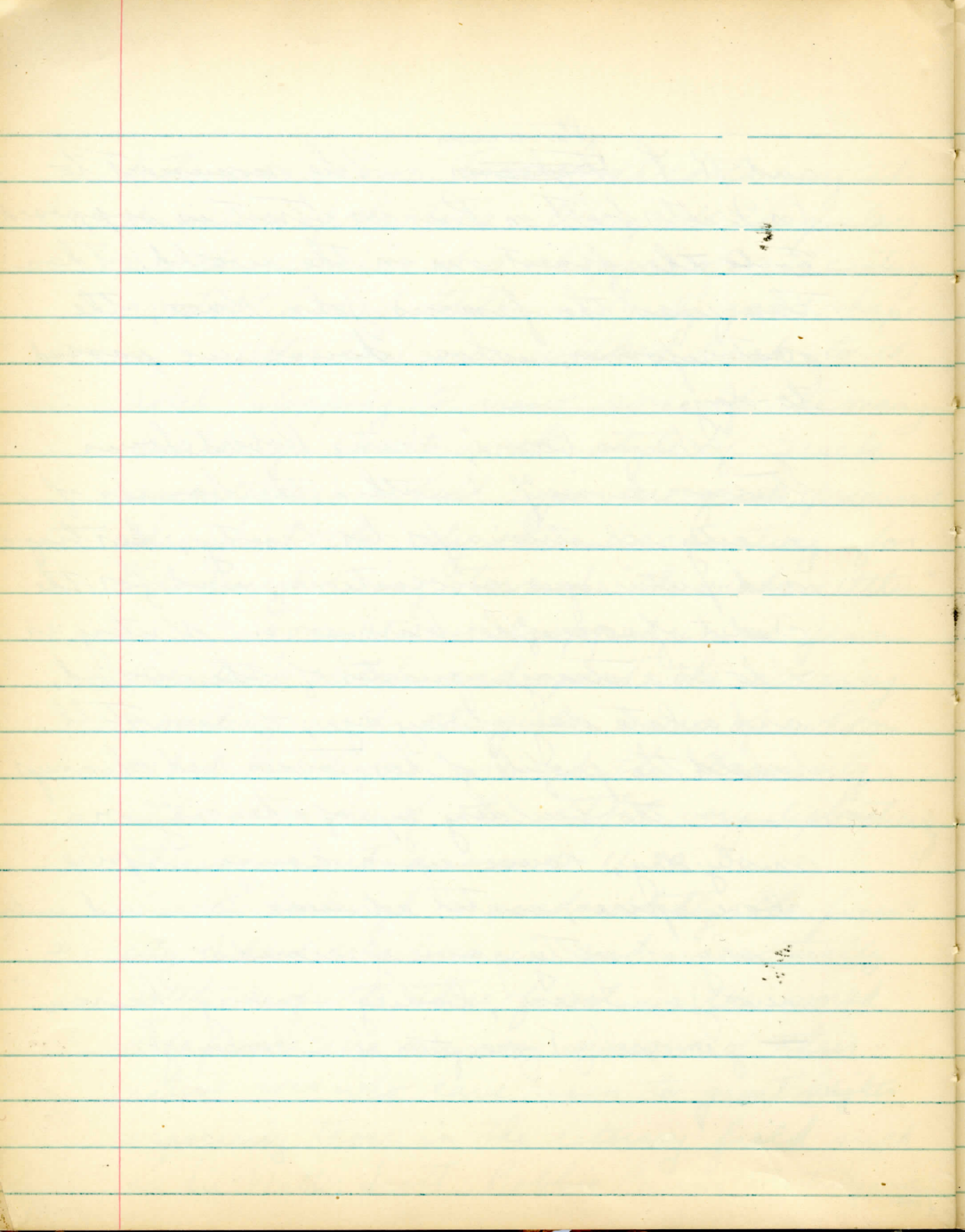
Tonight we dropped in at Jean Robertson's hotel and spent the evening chatting with the girls, some of whom I had met before around the University.

The chaprone of the outfit very diplomatically threw us out around 11.30.

Edinburgh is undoubtedly the finest city I have ever been in and is actually rated one of the three finest in the world. The people here are very zealous of their native sons who have risen to great heights, especially those in the literary field such as Sir Walter Scott, Robbie Burns (not actually a native son).

and R. L. ^{Stevenson} ~~Stephenson~~. The monument to Sir Walter Scott on Princes Street is supposed to be the finest one in the world. Then there was the famous John Knox, the great reformer, whose house we passed to-day.

"I was born," writes Robert Louis Stevenson himself, "within the bounds of a city illustrious for her beauty, her tragic and picturesque associations, and for the credit of some of her brave sons. Writing as I do in a strange quarter of the world, and a late day of my age, I can still behold the profile of her towers and chimneys — the building up of the city on a misty day, house upon house, spire above spire, until it was received into a sky of softly glowing clouds — — — a new Jerusalem, bodily scaling heaven." — an excellent conception of Edinburgh.



Near Dunbar

July 13/36

This has been rather a hectic day. We got up at 7.15, had breakfast at 8 and were down town at nine to get word from Chuck that he wasn't coming until 2.30 pm. In order to kill the morning, a very rainy one, we went back to the hotel where Bob and Roly slept while I wrote some letters.

Met Chuck at his train and grew disgusted when he voiced his desire to spend the afternoon (still raining) in Edinburgh. The three of us then went to see Laurel & Hardy in "Bonnie Scotland" hoping to see something on the screen of this marvellous country and its people ^{in Hollywood fashion} - rather disappointed in this respect as most of the story took place in India. However, it was a good way of killing the afternoon and by the time we had had dinner, it was time to pick up Charles.

Getting out of Edinburgh around 9 pm. we drove for about 40 miles and at present are at a camping ground right on the ocean here near Dunbar.

Near Newark

England

July 14.

Got away fairly early this morning in an effort to make up for lost time. The drive along the east coast of Scotland to the border was very pretty though quite inhabited, unlike the country we had become used to in Scotland.

We have decided to miss going to Stratford-on-Avon until we return from the continent, thereby enabling us to spend some extra time at Cambridge which we hope to reach tomorrow afternoon.

Passing through Newcastle, today, I was impressed by the numbers of men loitering about the streets - unemployed coal miners presumably.

15 miles.

from London.

July 15.

Unfortunately it rained all night and most of this morning thereby making it ~~impossible~~ ^{impossible} for us to get away until 11 am. About 3 pm. we reached Cambridge, a positively delightful place. On inquiry we found that Prof. Plumpton had left just last Sunday for Canada and as Prof. Elvin to whom Miss Biss had recommended me was not around, we had to secure the services of a guide to show us around the buildings and ~~also~~ give us information regarding their history, etc. The finest and most plutocratic college is Trinity College, established in the 14th century and of very beautiful construction. In its chapel are busts and monuments erected in memory of some of its ~~of~~ most famous students such as Wordsworth, Bacon, Newton, Christopher Wren, etc.

King's College is also very fine and has a marvellous chapel, erected ~~by~~ and designed by Sir Christopher Wren and probably the finest chapel in England. We managed to listen in to a portion of the regular afternoon service.

At present there is ~~in~~ session at Cambridge a ~~congress~~ ^{congress} of representatives of all universities in the

British Empire. Canon Cody and Prof. Burton are representing the University of Toronto but we didn't have sufficient time to look them up.

Judging from what I have seen of the two universities, Cambridge is definitely superior to Oxford.

Tonight we are camping in a tourist ground beside a river which is used for mineral baths. We are approximately 15 miles from London so we should get in quite early in the morning.

London

July 16.

Arrived in the big city around 11 pm. in time to get bathed and cleaned up (much needed) before lunch. While at Canada House, before lunch we bumped into Ross Richardson.

After making arrangements re trip on continent with the R.A.C., Bob and I went out to the Macdonald's hotel and had tea with Virginia and Archie. They have asked us to spend a day with them at their summer place in West Worthing when we return from the continent.

Tonight Bob and I went to see Edgar Wallace's "The Frog" with Archie and Virginia and some girl from Halifax who is staying in the city. I was very much impressed with the play, a very lengthy production and one requiring many changes in scenery - all done on a revolving change stage.

When we got back to the hotel around 11.30, Paul Harrison, who is leaving for France tomorrow, met us and we had ~~had~~ a bite to eat before retiring around 1.30 am.

2 miles

from Canterbury

July 17/36

Spent the morning getting papers prepared at the R. A. C. office, & fancies at the bank, etc. At noon, Bob and I had lunch with Bob's mother and a Mrs. Whittamore from Calgary at the famous "Cheshire Cheese", a tavern, well over 500 years old, just off Fleet street. For many years it has been a popular haunt of literary men, the most famous of all being Samuel Johnson who wrote the first English dictionary. The tables and furnishing are covered with initials that have been carved there by its ancient frequenters. After lunch they showed us down in the cellars, long passage-ways and underground rooms just full of wine and whiskey bottle-racks and huge vats of beer.

In the afternoon, I sorted about the hotel, getting things packed up, etc.

We managed to get away from the hotel about 7.30 but it was about 10 pm. by the time we actually got out of London - had a devil of a time driving through the city - I did all the driving and just about went mad down at Piccadilly Circus when I found

myself in the centre of a traffic jam.

We are camping tonight in a little field right next to a country "pub," just 3 miles from St ~~C~~asterbury. It is possible to see the spires of that famous cathedral from this very place, rising like ghosts of the night. (how I do romance).

Somewhere
in France
July 18.

We arrived at Dover around 10.15 pm and as the boat sailed at 11, we were rather rushed getting ~~through~~ fixed up with papers, pass-ports, etc.

Never will I forget the crossing from Dover to Calais. We hadn't been out more than 20 minutes when the old stomach started to give me trouble. Fortunately I had eaten only an apple, a scone and a cup of coffee for breakfast so that after it was all over, everything went smoothly for the remainder of the trip.

After very little difficulty with the customs etc. at Calais, we started for Boulogne where we pulled in around 3 pm. Had lunch here consisting of the strangest mixture namely sausages, sardines, bread, ^mœlette, Ham lettuce, peaches and wine. (12 francs (20¢!)).

We are all very pleased to find that we know enough French to get along very smoothly. Our dinner tonight, which we managed to order ourselves only cost 10 francs so that ~~now~~ since we are becoming

accustomed to French money, we may be able to get by fairly economically despite the fact that the franc is worth $6\frac{3}{4}$ ¢.

It is now 9.30 pm. and we are camped alongside one of the famous French roads lined on either sides by towering poplar trees. We haven't seen more than 5 people in the last 30 miles and not one farm house.

Df 10 - 76

Paris
July 19.

We arrived in this famous city around 2.30 in the afternoon. The hotel to which I had written (in French) for accommodation had received my letter and had prepared two very fine rooms for us. We were greatly surprised at the price of them — only 20 francs a room or 10 francs per person and the finest rooms we have hit so far in our travels.

After getting settled down at the hotel, we started walking about the streets in search of the Eiffel tower. Before arriving there we passed by the Tuileries and, La Musée du Louvre, St. Francois Xavier and La Chambre des Deputés, all very handsome buildings. The Eiffel Tower is a marvellous piece of construction. Built for the Paris World's Fair of 1889 and used later for the same purpose in 1925, it commands a view of the whole city from its top. In the near vicinity of the Tower are numerous half-erected buildings which will be used for the next World's fair to be held here in 1937.

After a terrific French dinner in one

of the many boulevard cafés, we strolled down the Champs d'Elysées to the famous Arc du Triomphe. The street is supposed to be the most beautiful one in the world. It is extremely wide, both the road itself and the side-walks (which I would judge are about 40 feet in width). In a stretch of 100 yards there are at least a half dozen boulevard cafés. Last night, being Sunday, they were all just swarming with people, many of whom we recognized as Americans.

The streets of Paris, especially the Champs d'Elysées are full of special squads of gendarmes as well as permanent soldiers, all fully armed. I consider it quite safe to say that there were easily 2000 of them, distributed at every corner on this ^{particular} street this evening. Political riots and typical French tension with the existence of a new government in France necessitates it all. Of course, all the French people I have consulted on this subject try to pass it off lightly for fear that we might think it a barbarous country.

After returning to the hotel around 9 pm, Bob, Chuck and I again set out, this time for the Montmartre, the famous lower-class district of Paris. The tube-train, "Metropolitain" as they call it here took us right into the heart of the district where a tremendous midway was in progress. It was very similar to our own midways yet it was most amusing to hear the "barbers" shouting away in French.

After walking through the midway we walked still further up the Montmartre hill to the cabaret district. This is a most amusing place — little narrow ^{cobble-stone} streets with small dingy cabarets all over the place. Some of them had jazz bands, others had opera singers, still others had magicians performing. As it is a popular place for rich people to go "slumming" its value from the point of ^{view} adventure is entirely lost. We saw any number of chauffeur-driven cars parked around the streets and there were gendarmes at every corner.

As we were very tired, we didn't bother looking around further but I strongly suspect

that there is much more of the famous 'Notre Dame' to be seen.

13.9.37

Paris
July 20

This has been perhaps the most enjoyable day I have had this summer. Around 11 o'clock this morning I looked up Patsy and Betty Beardmore both of whom are more or less on a holiday as the theatre season is closed at the present time. Patsy is doing some work in a new musical comedy picture while Betty has been acting on the legitimate stage. After having lunch with them and another actress friend, Cécilienne Berger, Patsy and Betty undertook to show Pety and me some of the points of interest of Paris. Unfortunately Le Louvre was closed but we had good looks at L'Eglise de la Madeleine and also Notre Dame which certainly is a marvellous edifice. Here are to be found some of the most beautiful stained glass windows in the world. From the top of the church, after an ^{exhaustive} very high climb we could see all over the whole city, a very wonderful sight.

After this we took a bus to Les Champs Élysées and inspected the Arc du Triomphe. By this time it was rather late and as we were due at Céronne's apartment for tea ^(when the French say tea, they mean champagne) at five, we had to call off our tour for the rest of the afternoon. Not being able to find Chuck, we collected Bob and drove out to Céronne's apartment. It is a lovely little place on the top of a 12-floor apartment building. ~~at~~ Our hostess was exceedingly charming though she couldn't speak a word of English.

La Coupole While Chuck and Bob went to see Chuck's cousin who is just in town overnight, Polly and I had dinner with Betty and Céronne and then took them to a small cabaret out at Montparnasse. (Arrived home at 4 ^{am} ~~pm~~.)

Though I was exceedingly impressed with the beauty of Edinburgh, it certainly cannot compare with Paris. The buildings are of course very old but very elaborate and just covered with beautiful carvings. There are no end of parks, all kept in marvellous condition. Perhaps the finest of all parks in the city is

Les Tuileries which we passed through last night just at sunset.

Politically, Paris is in the midst of a peaceful war. Though a socialist government is in power, it evidently hasn't a sufficient majority to carry on without trouble. One often sees people on the street with red-blue-and-white buttons on their lapelles - these are the nationalists who want "France for the French". On every street are stores which fly the national ensign showing that they are not sympathetic with the socialist government.

Patsy told me of a friend of hers who is a very prominent inventor as well as a very influential man - evidently an old friend of her family. He has told her the same story regarding the possible European and Asiatic set-up in the event of war that Herr Mayer told me three weeks ago in London. This man also has told her that Leon Blum is in close contact with Moscow.

Patsy says that there is a large amount of the French population which is either too

dis-interested to vote in an election or which, being dull and rather illiterate is easily moved by communistic and socialistic propaganda.

Many of this group form the French peasantry of the rural districts. Over here there are no farm-houses ~~like~~ ^{as} in the British Isles for ^{nearly} all the farmers live in little villages, scattered all over the countryside and go out each day to work their land. This is a conspicuous vestige of the old manorial system which remained to a very late date in operation in France.

SR 22637
Oxford - 47

July 21
near Avalon

We didn't get away from the big city until about 2.30 this afternoon after eating brunch at the Pam-Pam, an American restaurant across from La Place de l'Opéra. Since then until now (4 pm) we have been driving all afternoon excepting for a stop to have dinner in a small village at a boulevard café which seem to be ever present regardless of the size of the place.

Late this afternoon we drove through the famous forest of Fontainebleau which was for many

years a favourite spot of the aristocracy. There is a marvellous palace here which we saw from the road but didn't have time to inspect.

In the little town of Sens is the oldest Gothic cathedral in France, certainly an interesting thing to see. Unfortunately, again, we didn't have time to go through it.

We should be in Switzerland by 6 o'clock ^{tomorrow} ~~the~~ afternoon.

July 22nd
Geneva.
Switzerland

Today we passed through Dijon, one of the oldest and most famous commercial centres of France. During most of the afternoon we were driving through the Ural Mountains, sometimes called the French Alps. Not as high as the Swiss Alps, they remind me very much of the Scottish highlands. We didn't get across the border until 8 pm. Owing to the absence of an engine number on our car, we were afraid that we might have some trouble explaining it to the authorities but fortunately the man who looked after us was a bit drunk and let us through without any trouble at all.

At 9 pm. ~~we~~, after a beautiful drive down the mountain which overlooks both the lake and the city itself, we reached Geneva. After a very big dinner (probably the best one yet), we drove down to the boulevard-café centre of the city where the night-life was in full swing. Here we hung around for about an hour, listening to the music of the orchestra.

We are camping tonight in an un-cultivated field just outside the town where we pulled in around 11.30 pm. I can see the bare outline

of the mountains which completely surround the whole district — indeed a romantic sight.

July 23.

Near

Interlaken

- We spent all morning looking around Geneva, indeed an amazing and beautiful city - just packed with hotels. Around noon we visited the new Palais des Nations, which is to be the new home of the League of Nations.

~~That~~ Five years have already passed during its construction and they don't expect to finish it for three years yet. Though the interior is all unfinished, it is easy to see that on its completion, it is going to be a masterpiece of architecture. Among the party with whom we were shown through the place were three Dartmouth students who have just passed through Italy. They were amazed at the apparent prosperity and industry of the people ^{there} and though they expected to see a very low standard of living, many slums etc. (making an especial effort to find such), they saw very little of it. Mussolini has evidently done a marvellous job in Italy.

All afternoon we have been driving along the north shore of Lake Geneva ~~west~~

during which time we saw much marvellous scenery. It has been extremely hot all day and the sky has been almost totally free from clouds ~~thereby~~ ^{thus} producing ~~the~~ a most marvellous colour on the water of the lake.

While passing through a small village this afternoon, a bicyclist suddenly darted out of a sloping side street directly in front of the car. I was driving and as it was impossible to stop the car in time, we hit him square. His hand was scraped a bit and the front wheel of his bicycle was bent into a terrible shape but outside of that no ^{serious} damage was done. Fortunately there was a "gendarme" near-by who saw the accident and absolved us of any possible blame.

This evening, we had dinner in a cafe-restaurant in a tiny Swiss village high up in the mountains in view of very lofty and imposing snow-

covered peaks. As we drove out of the village, the sight before us was probably the finest I shall ever see again. The sky behind a long row of peaks was absolutely blue, forming a marvellous contrast with the pure-white snow that covered the mountain peaks. ~~The~~ Further down the mountain, the snow blended into a purple effect (the colour of the foliage-covered rocks) which again formed a background for the lower hills ~~which were~~ covered with thick pine-forest.

About 9 p.m. we bumped into some young people walking down the road and upon asking them about a place to camp, they took us on to the place at which they are staying. Here, the owner of the house and his wife treated us like long-lost children and gave us access to a small bedroom in one corner of their barn, certainly a very neat and cosy place.

We found that our ~~host~~^{hostess} is a retired professor from the University of ^{Brussels} ~~Belgium~~.

He is very interested in Youth Peace Movements and has this place for a summer-vacation rendez-vous of students from all over, where ^{the} Among general fraternizing, problems concerning world peace are discussed.

At present there are staying here several Belgian students, young women from Brussels, two girls from Connecticut U. S. A., several French students, English and Swiss students. After inviting us in for tea and cake tonight, we joined in a very interesting discussion of the ~~World~~ ^{European} situation during which time, we as Canadians were very rigorously questioned as to the general attitude of Canadian students on the subject. Admittedly, as I told them, American and Canadian students are not as active in the way of Peace Movements as are European students because of our separation from the likely scene of any trouble.

Evidently the Movement in Europe

is a very strong one as this is only one of the millions of centres where students of or young people of all countries meet.

I had a very interesting private discussion with one of them, a graduate of Brussels University who's ^{though a woman} going to take an engineering job in New York this fall. She has a great deal of German friends and claims that we shall not be able to discuss politics at all in Germany as ~~they are~~ everyone there must beware of open-mindedness in case the German secret police, a very strong and effective organization, might get wind of any influence which is contra-Nazi. Unfortunately it was rather difficult to talk to her as we had to speak mostly in French, her English being worse than my French.

Supplement

7 a.m.

July 24.

They got us up very early this morning to go to Unterachen with them and swim in the lake. It was rather dark when we came in here last night and of course difficult to size up the

place properly. ~~Now~~ find that it is not a barn that we slept in but a real Swiss chalet or farmhouse which one sees all through this country. We overlook at about 3000 feet the little village of Diablerets (which means "small devils"). The village is just at the foot of the Diableret mountains which seem so near to us that you could ~~almost~~ reach out and touch them though they are actually 10,000 feet high and covered with snow. M. Puttaman, our host, told me that it takes a whole day to climb to the top of one of the peaks and another day to come down. He also says that they were actually skiing up there just 3 weeks ago.

This morning, there is not a cloud in the sky and the sight before me as I write this is positively intoxicating. The air here, though very cold, is extremely clear and invigorating. What a place to end one's days.

Tsk Tsk →

July 24.

Gleichen

Switzerland.

Today has been a long and eventful day for us. We left Les Diablerets about 8.30 am. taking with us two girls from the youth camp who couldn't find room on the bus that had been chartered to take them all to Interlaken. In order to make room for them, Bob and I stood on the running-boards of the car throughout the whole time — a distance of about 45 miles through the most beautiful scenery imaginable.

Interlaken is a very prominent tourist resort and lies beside Lac Thune, certainly one of the most beautiful we have seen yet and quite comparable to Lake Geneva. In this whole part of Switzerland, very little French is spoken so that it is much more difficult for us to make ourselves understood in German. After we had lunch with our friends at Interlaken, we hung around for about an hour and then went swimming in the lake. Though the water was frightfully cold, it was very refreshing and provided us with a much-needed bath.

This evening, we had dinner in a small hotel, high up in the mountains. They served

us on the verandah, just overlooking snow-covered peaks.

Immediately after dinner, we began climbing the Grimsel Pass which is 7,059 feet high and seemingly endless. At the top, we stopped our car to take a picture and indulge in a snow-ball fight which continued until our hands became too cold for comfort. The descent down from this place was very, very steep and in no time we were in the valley of the Rhone Glacier where we are now camping. This glacier is one huge mass of ice, completely covering the side of the mountain and is the true source of the Rhone River. On the other side of this same mountain is the true source of the Rhine river so that, in a very real sense, we are in the heart of Western Europe.

In this village is the ^{central} barracks of the whole Swiss military organization. From where we are now, we can see the soldiers doing some night-signalling high up in the mountain where Sam told lies a fortress which is literally the "key" to southern Switzerland.

For the sake of display, there is an electric searchlight shining from the foot of the glacier all the way up to its top and producing a ^{positively} magnificent sight.

Before retiring, we began talking to a priest who is staying at the nearby hotel here. He is obviously an intellectual giant, speaks six or seven languages and was able to answer the questions on ~~all~~ ^{most} every diverse subject that we threw at him with amazing rapidity and precision. As his true home is in Switzerland (though he has travelled all over the world) he naturally knows a lot about the country and was thus able to give us some very interesting information.

Switzerland has compulsory military training for all men, everyone being obligated to serve up to the age of 48 years. Our cleric friend told us that 600,000 men could be mobilized here within 24 hours and that all men who have taken training at any time keep their uniforms and gun with them right at home in case of a sudden call. The villages of the country are very independent of one another, it being unheard of

for a man of one village to be given a job in another. Here is an interesting point - every year, the men of the village who are engaged in agriculture of any kind get together and decide what land each will work for the coming year, the good and the bad being divided up on an equitable basis. The following year, the land will all be re-distributed once more, each man getting a fair share.

Out of a population in Switzerland of 4,000,000 people, there are at present 100,000 unemployed yet we are told there is absolutely no poverty here. We ourselves, have not seen the slightest evidence of poor living standards.

28

1

July 25th
near

This morning, we passed through the second highest pass in Switzerland - about 8,500 feet above sea level and very close to the famous "Matterhorn". Unfortunately it was very cloudy and dull all the time so that visibility was ^{very} poor. ~~at~~ Nevertheless, the view of Gletsch valley from the top of the Rhone glacier was very wonderful and impressive. (I'm afraid I'll run out of adjectives by the time this trip is over)

Going through all this part of the country was very slow and we could only average about 15 miles per hour most of the time. The clouds were so thick at one place that we had to turn our head-lights on and keep tooting our horn about every 10 seconds.

In the middle of the afternoon, the weather began to clear up, making the scenery much finer to see. About 4 p.m., we reached ^{Lucerne} ~~Lugano~~, a very beautiful tourist centre at the end of Lake Lucerne. We drove around the town for a while and then headed north, reaching Zurich about 6.30. Zurich is the largest and supposedly the finest city in Switzerland, commercially speaking. It is the

centre of a large silk and cotton-textile industry and certainly appears very prosperous to the passing tourist. The houses, apartments, store and factory buildings are all of modern construction and the streets are the cleanest of any place we have seen yet.

Here we had dinner in a boulevard restaurant. It was a typical German meal and just about laid us out trying to finish it.

Tonight we are camping in the corner of a freshly-cut wheat field about 20 miles from the German border.

Though the scenery of Scotland was wonderful, it is definitely not as fine as that of Switzerland. The mountains ~~and valleys~~ are so majestic here that somehow one seems to be dreaming when one stops to view them. I would like to have spent much more time in Switzerland as I shall undoubtedly never see anything comparable to it any where else.

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July 26

Somewhere

in Bavaria.

Around 11. am, we crossed the German border where we suddenly realized that today was Sunday and that naturally all banks would be closed. Between us we had about 20 RM in currency of which 12 RM were required for gasoline leaving us 8 RM (9.60) to buy food for the day. At a small restaurant on the border we had a meal consisting of bread, bologna and beer after which we prepared to face starvation until evening.

In this restaurant we met a half-dozen German lads who spoke fairly good English. They had bicycled all the way down through Germany from Kiel.

All afternoon we have been driving through the famous Black Forest of Bavaria, certainly very picturesque country. With the exception of Freiburg, an old university town, the towns and villages are all small. As I understand it, Bavarian customs are much different from ^{those of} the northern part of Germany. The women all wear a very quaint dress which touches the ankles and looks very much like the dress of Dutch women that one so often sees in pictures. In their architecture, the Bavarian

certainly go in for colour. All the houses are trimmed with about six or seven different colours and when ~~the~~ ^{you} see a group of them together, you would think that you were looking at a huge toyland display in a department store at Christmas time.

During the day, we have seen countless men in uniforms both the uniforms of the German army and those of Hitler's Storm Troopers.

Tonight we passed through a tiny village where all the young people of the village were marching around the streets ^{arm in arm} singing songs. It was certainly fine singing and I must say a very stirring sight to see.

Tonight, we are camping in a little clearing beside a side-road which runs into the forest.

July 27.

Austrian
Border.

This morning, after getting some money from the bank and with the aid of a kind gentleman who knew some French, we ate a huge breakfast in a restaurant at Tuttlingen. Stopping at a garage to have the car greased, we found that ~~the~~ one of the front springs of the car was completely broken so that we had to stay in the town all afternoon. In the middle of the afternoon while walking down the main street, we heard some extremely voluminous singing coming from a beer-hall and looking inside we saw about two dozen men gathered around a table and singing the most beautiful songs I've heard since coming to Europe. There was one big strapping fellow who had one of the best tenor voices I have ever heard.

I can't get over how cheaply we can buy things with our travellers' marks in Germany. The front spring of the car which cost ~~of~~ ^{us} 15 ~~marks~~ ^{marks} is the equivalent of \$3.75 and we can buy the most terrific meals for 2 marks or 50¢.

Towards evening, we reached Lake Constance which has its south shore in Switzerland, its north shore in Germany and its east shore in Austria. After a huge dinner at Friedrichshafen (where is the home of the famous Graf Zeppelin — we saw the hanger from the highway) we drove here to the border of Austria near the Austrian Tyrol.

At present, I am writing this in a small beer-garden where about 25 men and women are gathered around, drinking and dancing and making merry. We have already made acquaintances with some of them and of course, being Canadians they are making a lot of us. One Frauline, evidently about 20 years of age was trying in very poor English to tell me about Herr Hitler. It's really amazing how these people say "Heil Hitler" all the time. Whenever any two friends separate, it is always the customary greeting remark. Unfortunately her English was quite poor and she wasn't able to tell me more than that

he was born in Austria.

About midnight the party broke up and we bid very pleasant "Aufwiedersehen" to our friends who returned the remark along with "Heil Hitler" and the Nazi salute.

July 29
North of
Friedrich

All day long we have been driving through the beautiful and famous Austrian Tyrol. Though we were moving practically all the time, the roads are ~~set~~ very winding so that we didn't accomplish much mileage.

Nevertheless, the scenery was extremely beautiful and quite ~~diff~~ comparable to that of Switzerland with the one exception that the mountain sides of these Austrian Alps are covered with exquisite pine-forest.

Coming through a small village, we met an Austrian chap who spoke excellent English. He turned out to be a Doctor of Philosophy from Vienna and a chemical engineer for a large German-Austrian die-works. He very openly discussed the situation in Germany and in Europe which he believes is not dangerous at the present time. He admitted that ^{generally} the intellectual class in Germany are not sympathetic with Hitler ~~but~~ and that they are suppressed by the Nazi party. However, he feels certain that, despite stories to the contrary, the general population is for him in great earnest. He says that the average German looks upon

Adolf Hitler as a ^{sort of} myth which is leading their beloved "fatherland" to its proper superior position among other nations of the world.

His father and three brothers all served in the Great War, the cause for which he attributes to Austria, his own country and to Russia and he further brought up the ^{argument} ~~fact~~ (which is so often unmentioned in Canada and the States) that documents, historically speaking, have proven that Germany was not responsible for the war, despite the popular idea that she was totally so.

Naturally, he believes that Germany's colonies were stolen from her and that they must be returned.

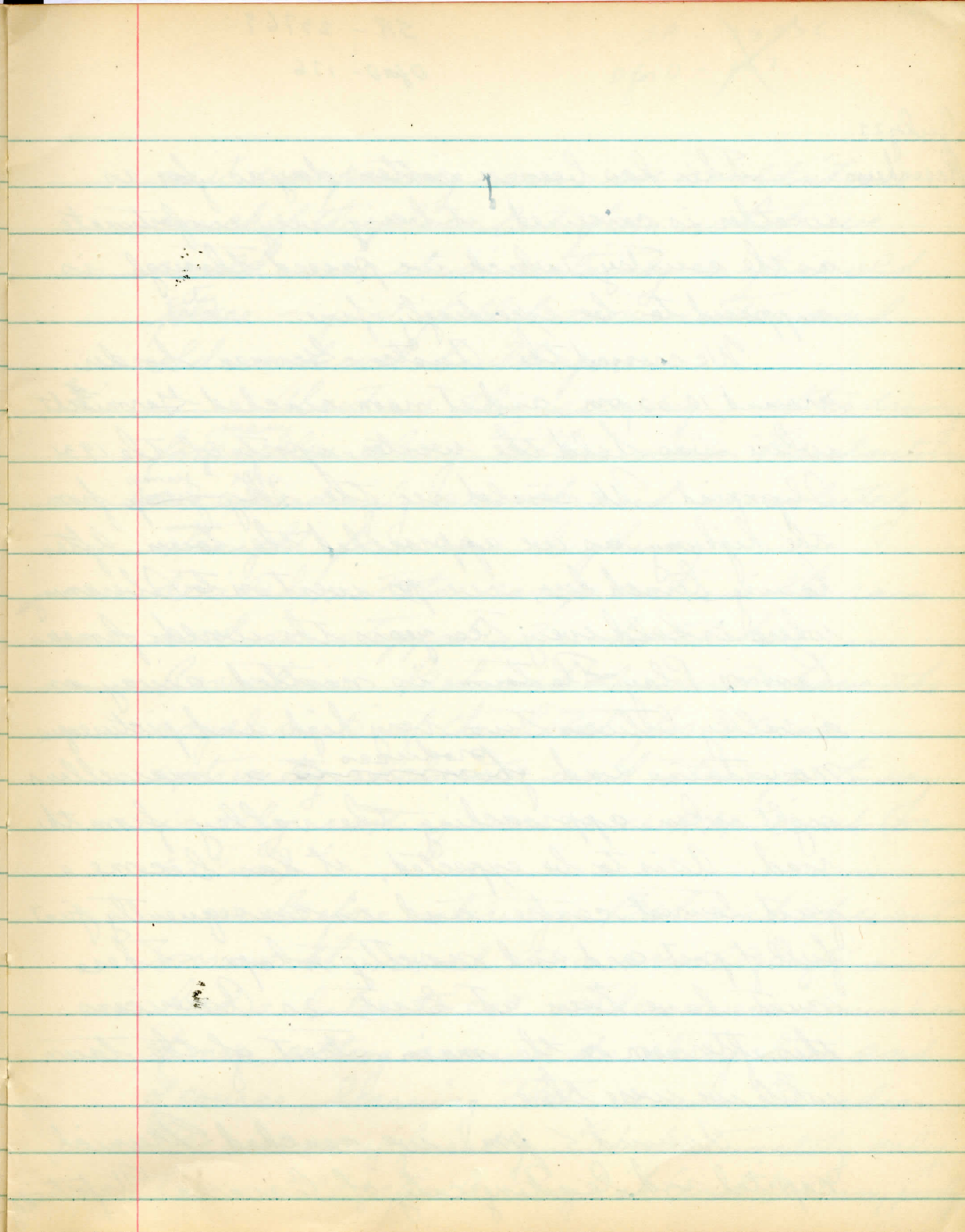
He was an extremely interesting and pleasant chap to meet and seemed quite disappointed that he will not be in Vienna when we are there as he was apparently very anxious to show us around the city.

After our discussion, we followed him in his car to his hotel at Landeck and had a beer with him in the garden.

"Revisionist
School"

Along about 7 pm., we reached Innsbruck, one of the oldest of European towns and situated very strategically on a pass ⁱⁿ ~~off~~ one of the largest of old Medieval trade-routes. We had dinner in ~~an~~ a very old restaurant which appeared to have been at one time some sort of a monastery. The walls were about 4 or 5 feet thick throughout the building and the cellars were very low, vaulted and fitted with beautiful old doors and stained-glass windows. The town itself is very quaint and with the exception of the main squares and market-places, all the streets are very narrow, winding and dingy. It is also a ~~very~~ famous old University town.

Approaching the German border from Innsbruck is a long winding road up a very steep mountain. As the gradient of the road averages 25%, we had to get out and push a few hundred metres, then rest and again push the old car another short distance. By so doing, ^{after 3 hours} we finally reached the top where we are camping now.



July 29
Rosenheim.

This has been a rotten day as far as weather is concerned, it being very unfortunate as the country which we passed through is supposed to be exceedingly fine.

We crossed the Austro-German border around 10.30 pm. and at noon reached Garmisch, where ~~was~~^{were} held the winter-sports of the 1936 Olympiad. We could see the ~~ski jump~~^{ski jump} from the highway as we approached the town. After having lunch here, we ~~go~~ went on to Oberammergau where is held every ten years the world-famous Passion Play. The town is nestled away in a valley between two very high and picturesque mountains and ~~gives rise to~~^{produces} a marvellous sight when approaching the valley from the road. As is to be expected, it has become a great tourist centre and is consequently just full of post-card and novelty shops. There must have been at least 20 Americans this afternoon on the main street of the town while we were there.

Around 5 pm. we reached Munich, capital and leading city of Bavaria. Unfortunately

SR - 23936
Dford - 107.

as it was pouring rain, we couldn't see much of the place but from what we could see, it is certainly a fine old ~~place~~^{city} - just full of monuments and old medieval buildings.

About 10 this evening, after driving for ^{many} miles along Hitler's new "Reichautobahn" an exceedingly smooth and absolutely straight four-car highway, we decided not to camp out in the rain and so stopped at a hotel here in Rosenheim. Bob and I must have the "royal suite" of the hotel for it is extremely elaborate and strange to say is only costing us 2.50 RM each (or 62 1/2¢)

Before retiring, Bob and I went across the road to a small café and had a bite to eat. There were a number of men sitting around drinking beer and of course, learning that we were Canadians, became very friendly. Unfortunately only two could speak English (and both very poorly,

but they were extremely pleasant with us and we enjoyed their company very much. Before leaving, they got us to join them in a "loving stein" of beer which is a Bavarian token of good friendship; and after a short German song and hand-shaking all around, we left them to retire to our chamber of luxury.

After meeting ~~these~~ German people ^{as we have done this week} and fraternizing with them, I doubt if anything under the sun could compel me to go to any war in which I should be called upon to fight them.

Post script written 12/13/69

Bob served in the Canadian army in WWII and I in the Canadian Navy. Poly committed suicide in 1939 and Chuck did not serve in the military because of health.

END

80 miles
from Vienna
July 30.

This has been the most dull and uninteresting day so far this summer. It has rained practically all day so that driving was quite unpleasant and visibility was too poor to enjoy scenery.

I met a rather interesting chap this morning in the hotel at Rosenheim. He was a German from Hamburg and spoke almost perfect English and like many I have met here seems quite sincere in support of the present regime in Germany. He too emphasized the point that the German people as a whole like to be ordered and lend themselves to the operation of the present system very conveniently. He told me that he went to war in 1914 at the age of 16 years and was thus unable to attend the university when he was young. We got along very well indeed, especially after I told him that I was of the opinion that Germany should be given back her colonies.

This afternoon we passed a motor accident which had involved a car from Gr. Britain. An elderly woman had a rather bloody cut on her head so Roly, in his usual cool manner,

undertook to patch her up until a doctor arrived. The car was badly smashed up and ~~he~~^{we} took the driver, a principal of an English technical school, to the nearby town to get a garage service-car.

As it has been just pouring rain all evening, we decided to stay at a hotel in this little Austrian town. As per usual, rates are very low for an exceedingly big and clean room - 2.50 schillings each which is roughly 50d.

Vienna
July 31.

About 2.30 pm. this afternoon we reached Vienna (in the pouring rain, of course). From what we saw of it ~~yesterday~~ ^{this} afternoon, it is certainly a fine city though not comparable with Paris.

Through the secretary of the International Friendship League (of which we are bona fide members) we secured accommodation in an Austrian Youth Hotel, an exceedingly clean place for the price of 1 schilling per bed.

It was a rather fortunate stroke of luck when we discovered that the ^{girls} student tour with which Bob's sister is travelling is in the city. About 8 pm. we called on them at their hotel and took four of them to a Viennese roof-garden ~~pts~~ cabaret, ~~It~~ an amazing place on the top of a very tall building, round in shape and with glass walls. The orchestra was exceptionally good and played both American and Viennese music.

Outside the main room ^{and completely encircling it} is an open-air verandah which commands an excellent view

Stocks! /

of the city. We stayed here until about 2 am and by the time we got the girls home and returned to our "digs" it was 3 am so I expect we shall all be very tired for the next few days.

The girls were all ~~except~~ exceedingly fine and even insisted on sharing expenses so that we got away with less than a dollar each (5 schillings) for the whole evening. I had the evening was both cheap and extremely enjoyable — never shall I forget dancing "Tales of Vienna Woods,"
~~Waltzes of Vienna Woods.~~

Dfor D - 282

Near Prague

Czecho-Slovakia

Aug. 2

This morning at breakfast I had a pleasant chat with a Hungarian lad from the University of Budapest. He was on a holiday and staying in the Youth Hotel - "Schuleoberberge" as they call it. He couldn't speak English so we had to carry on in French and I must say we got along extremely well.

We left Vienna about 10 am. and headed north, crossing the Czecho-Slovakian border about 3 pm. Some of these Czech villages are very unique though the people, generally speaking are a degenerate looking lot despite the fact that 25% of the Czecho-Slovakian population is German.

Last night, we stopped for dinner at Fabos, a very famous old Hussite "town" and just full of peculiar-looking buildings and squares. The waiter in the hotel could only speak German and Czech so we amazed ourselves by ordering everything in German. It is remarkable how easily one can pick up sufficient necessary phrases to get along with. Tonight we are camping in a rather

thick forest of pines and after about 5 hours of sleep
last night, we should really saw the well-known
logs tonight.

Outside
of Dresden

Aug. 3

At noon today we reached Prague, capital and foremost city of Czechoslovakia. It is quite modern in its architecture and on the whole much finer than any of our Canadian cities. Unlike the people of the smaller towns and villages, everyone is very smartly dressed in Prague. Although, a very old Bohemian city, the stores of the main street are all of recent construction and of course are modernistic in every detail. In one restaurant, there were numerous slot-machines where, by inserting a krona, you could get a sandwich, cake, beer or almost anything you wanted.

About 5 pm. we reached the German frontier and of course were struck by the immediate and marked difference in the two countries. The German people are extremely more healthy and fine looking and every little town and village had thousands of flags flying from its roof-tops and street-posts this being Sunday, the German national holiday.

The fact that it is Sunday made it impossible to get any of our German travellers

cheques cashed so we were forced to pass through Dresden, a positively wonderful city on the Elbe, without any money. In size, Dresden is quite comparable to Toronto but of course in appearance, much more beautiful.

Tonight we are camping in a thick forest about three miles off the main road to Berlin.

2 miles

from Olympic

Village.

Berlin Aug. 3

We reached Berlin about 3.30 this afternoon and, as we expected, we found it completely jammed with people. However, the whole Olympic organization is a very efficient one and the scads of people and automobile traffic are handled extremely well. Beside ~~at~~^{every} railway crossings on roads leading into Berlin is a red-cross tent in case of any accidents and there seem to be uniformed men about every 50 yards all over the place.

Unter-den-Linden-Strasse, the "main drag" of Berlin ~~was~~ is certainly a marvellous sight to behold — just full of ~~flaring~~ flags of every nation competing at the games, draped right across the street from one end to the other. Berlin is certainly a beautiful city and full of many fine parks and handsome buildings.

At the American Express office where we collected our mail was a note from Larry O'Connor of the Canadian Olympic Team asking us to get in touch with him. Around six p.m. we started driving out toward the Olympic Village where all the competing

athletes stay during the games. About half way out of the city we suddenly came upon the most terrific outburst of cheers and in less than 10 seconds, a string of about ten high-powered cars with Adolf Hitler in the front seat of the first one came roaring passed us. He evidently attends the Games every day and was just returning last night when we saw him.

About 7 miles outside the city is this Olympic Village and with considerable trouble we located Larry and Jimmy Worall ^{also} of the Canadian team. By another strange co-incidence we bumped into Bill Grand and George Gardiner of Toronto and so had dinner with them in the restaurant.

After getting fixed up for "digs" at a small country "gasthaus" about 2 miles from the village, Bob, Chuck and I drove into Berlin, parked the car and walked up and down Unterden Lintner Strasse which, like this afternoon, was still crowded with people. The side-walk cafe's which are large and very abundant were doing a terrific business.

Returned to the hotel around 1 am.

Potsdam

Aug. 4.

This morning, we got in touch with Larry and Sylvan Appso who showed us all through the "Olympic Dorf" which is the Olympic Village or quarters for the contestants. It is really a remarkable place, just full of gardens, small woods, streams and well-kept lawns. Also there are practice fields and running tracks to keep the men in shape prior to their events at the stadium. Besides the many buildings where the individual teams stay (quite elaborate places with bathrooms, showers, etc.) are the dining hall, theatre, swimming pool, gymnasium and administration buildings all at the disposal of the contestants. In the theatre we saw the television being broadcast from the stadium showing the events of the morning. Though it was rather indistinct, it was certainly the best television I have ever seen.

All the buildings of the Village were built by the German government and will be used for Army quarters when the 1936 Olympiad is over. Close to the village are other military camps and also a huge airport with at least 20 big hangars. In the course of construction is a

terrific hangar which will be used for a dirigible.

Larry and Iyl were able to get us four contestants' badges and passes which get me free entry into anything in Berlin (theatres, ~~museums~~, etc.) as well as all buses, underground trains, trams and of course the Games themselves. Unfortunately we didn't have sufficient time to take in everything we might have but we went into Berlin about 12 am., walked about the streets, bought a few things, had lunch and went out to the Reichsportfeld in time for the opening at 3 pm. The stadium was absolutely filled to capacity and we had probably the best seats in the place, being in the contestants' section, right in the centre (immediately below Herr Hitler's private box). Never have I hear such ovation as when Der Fuehrer himself entered his box. Everyone arose from their seats, cheering like mad and giving the customary salute which was returned by Hitler. Also in his box were Goering and Goebels, two "big shots" in the Nazi party.

The games were marvellous to watch and even more impressive was the presentation

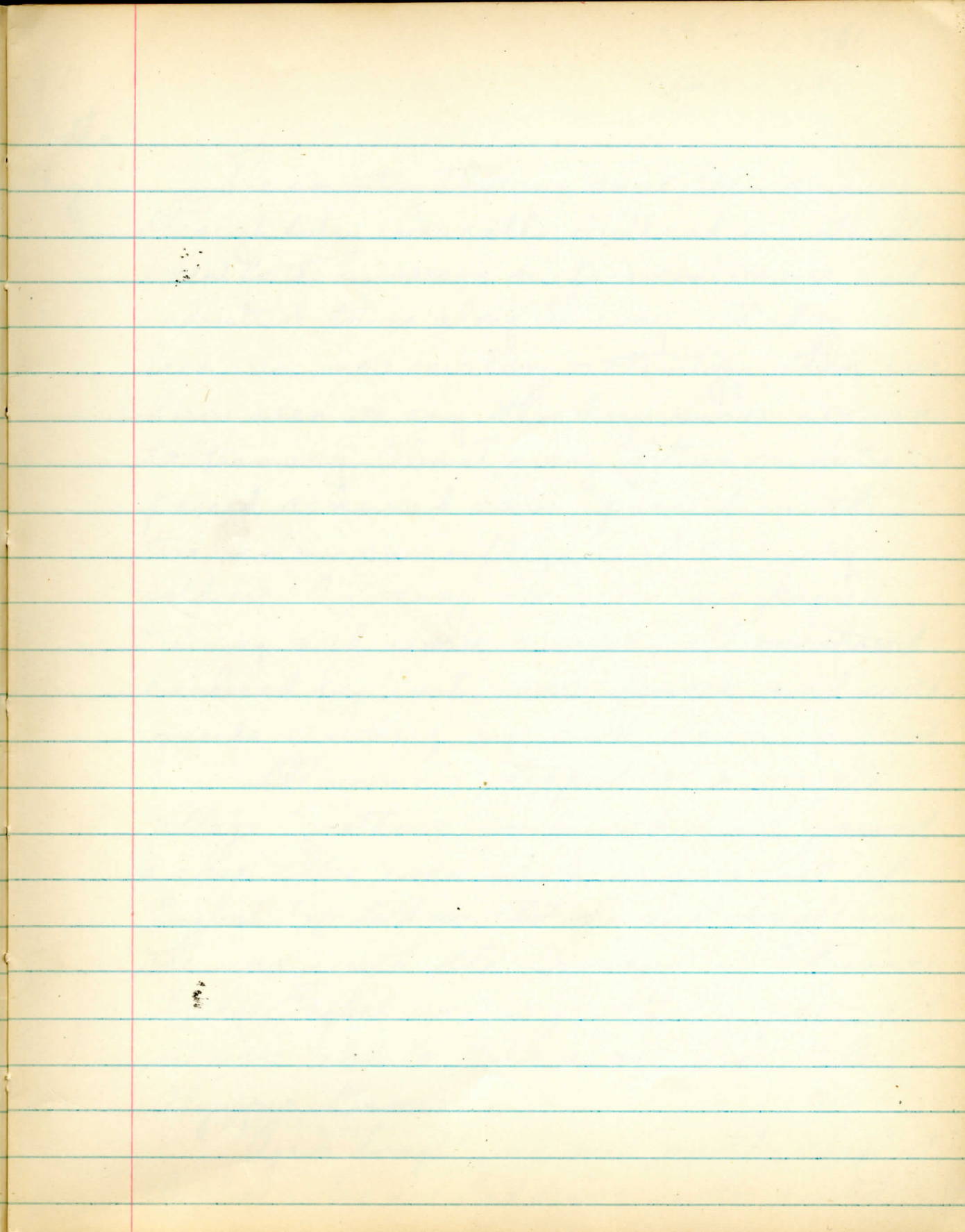
of the laurel wreaths to the victors. The winner of first place stood on the top of a high pedestal with the ~~first~~ second and third winners each one step below the winner who was in the centre; ~~struck~~ strikingly beautiful girls dressed in white, then placed the wreaths on the heads of the winners in order of respective merit — then all turned toward the band at one end of the stadium which played the national anthem of the country which the winner represented, as the flag of that country was hoisted overhead, the flags of the other two who placed, being also hauled up alongside. In every case, whether it was a German or not who was the victor, ^{nearly} everyone in the stadium gave the Nazi salute while the flag was being raised.

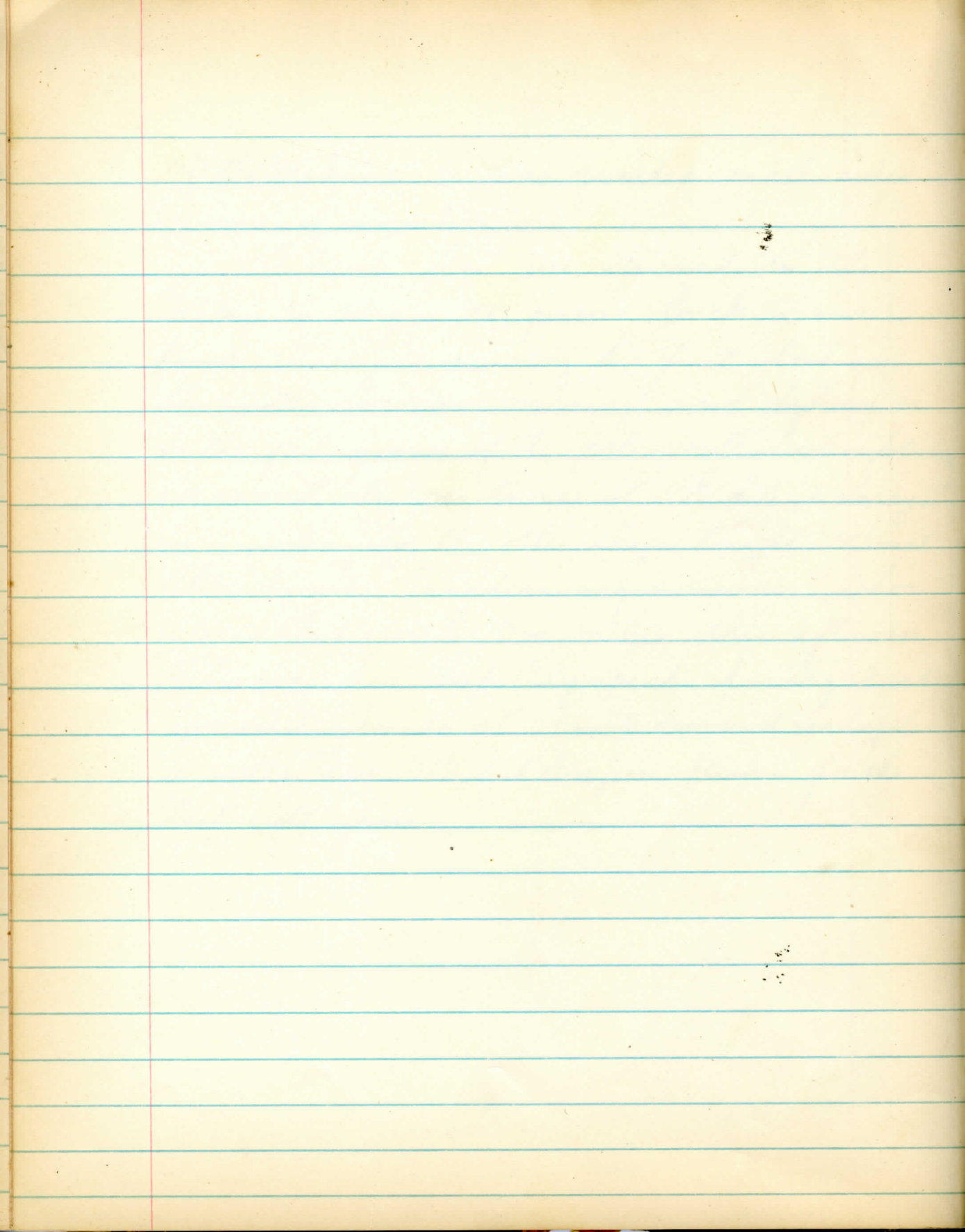
Near the end of the afternoon, we saw Jesse Owens, negro jumper and sprinter from the United States set a new world's record for the broad-jump at 8.06 metres or 26' 8 1/2".

On leaving the building, I stopped at Hitler's box to get a picture of him which I certainly hope turns out all right. As he

left the stadium, he was guarded on all sides by scores of armed men.

Around 7 pm. we returned to the Village to ~~re~~ give the passes back to our friends. Larry is running his first heat in the hurdles tomorrow morning and Sylvan is in the preliminaries of the pole-vault but unfortunately we cannot stay over to see it. While in Larry's room waiting for the other chaps tonight, I met Phil Edwards, Canadian negro runner who placed third in the 800 metres this afternoon. This was his third Olympiad having already represented Canada at Amsterdam and Los Angeles as well as ^{at} every British Empire Games for the last eight years.





Dford - 186

Gotha

Aug. 5.

The country that we have been driving through today is rather dull and uninteresting except for the numerous surface-coal mines and industrial towns along the way. Today we have seen more military activity than we have seen on any other day since we came to Germany. About every fifteen minutes we passed armoured cars, painted in the two-colour camouflage and carrying soldiers. On many occasions we passed training and work-camps, all ~~enclosed~~ enclosed by barb-wire fences and with guards marching up and down in front.

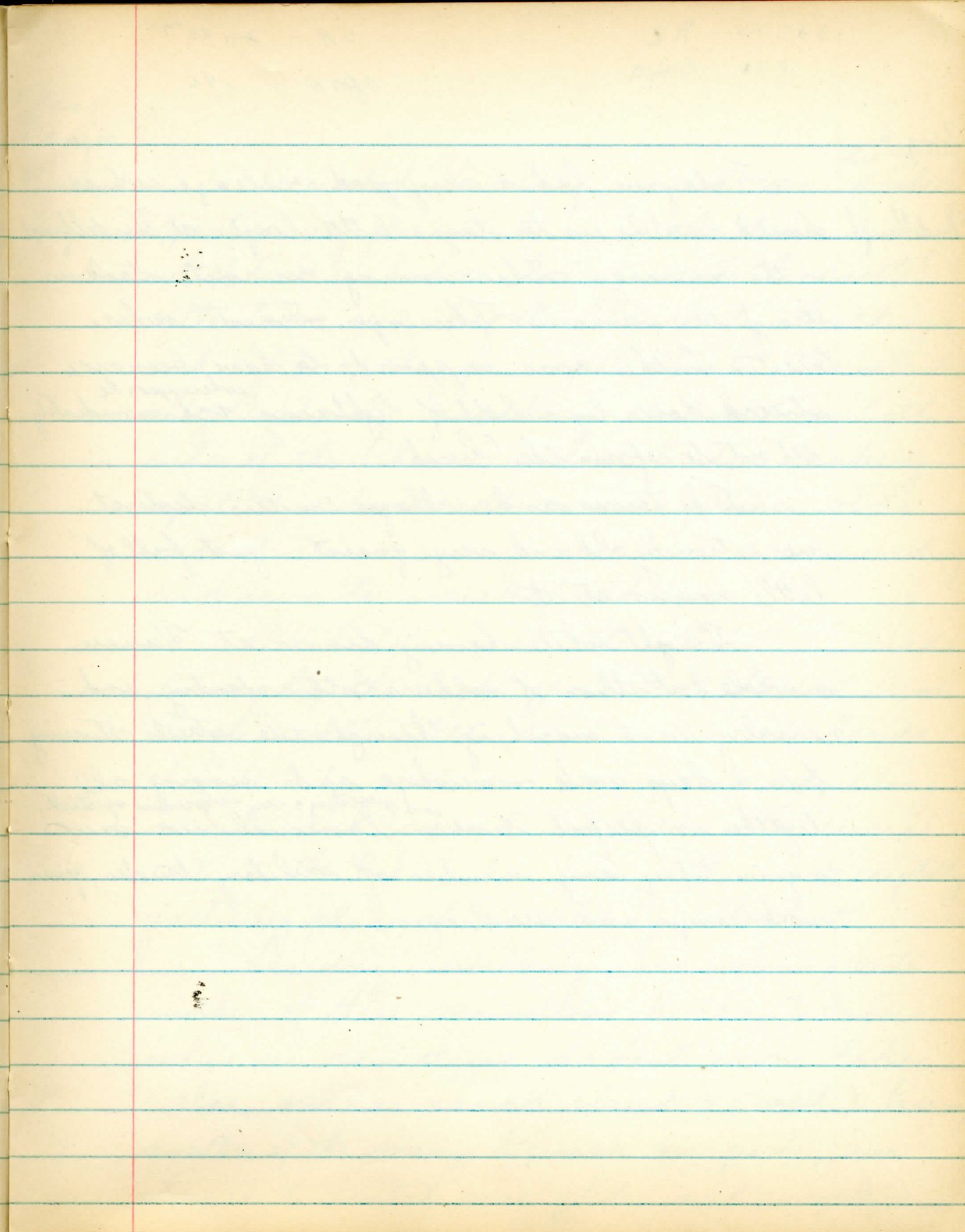
At noon we stopped at a small village "Gasthaus" for lunch and found a chap there who spoke a wee bit of English. He told me that he had fought in the war with the Germans in France. As his English was so frightfully poor, all we were able to talk about was the Olympic Games.

Again tonight, we met another chap at the place where we had dinner who could

18
speak a bit of French. He too had served in the war with the Germans and was extremely friendly toward us and undertook to translate the Olympic results that were being broadcast over the radio.

As it was raining quite hard tonight, we decided to put up somewhere and so I am writing this on a table in ~~a small~~ the beer-hall of a small country gasthaus.

I forgot to mention that this morning we passed through Wittenburg, seat of one of the oldest of European universities. It was here that Martin Luther received a great part of his education and while lecturing at the university ~~he~~ wrote his famous "95 theses".



Ofor O - 196

Aug 6.
near

Heidelberg should enable us to stay a little longer at Heidelberg in the morning. This morning our route took us through the famous Thuringen Forest where Martin Luther was supposed to have been once struck down by a bolt of lightning ^{whereupon he} ~~and~~ immediately set out to reform the Church.

The towns and villages in this district are extremely old and very quaint - just full of little narrow streets.

Tonight while having dinner at Hanau, a whole battalion of soldiers both infantry and cavalry went marching through the streets, returning from a days work somewhere and singing all together in perfect time ^{and presenting a very impressive spectacle.} As usual, we saw again today any number of military trucks, guns, work-camps and air-dromes.

Near
Bamgen,
Rhine-land

Aug. 7.

We reached Heidelberg around 11 am. ^{this morning} and spent 4 very pleasant hours in the town during which time we had a short glance at the castle of the town, several of the University buildings and a few of the principal streets. Characteristically Medieval, Heidelberg is built on both sides of the Rhine, several bridges linking up the two banks at various places. The side streets are very narrow and winding and seem to wreak of old age.

We had lunch at "the Red Ox," made famous by the light-opera, "the Student Prince". On the walls of the tavern are all kinds of fraternity pictures, ensignias, dueling swords and carved initials. For several centuries the Red Ox has been a favourite nightly gathering place of Heidelberg students.

Leaving Heidelberg, we swung onto another of these marvellous Reichautobahns where one can drive as fast as one likes (alas, our car cannot exceed 45 mph.). Passing another of the many German air-ports, we stopped to watch some gliders and airplane

manoeuvres that were going on. It certainly was a marvellous sight to see about a dozen gliders, soaring around overhead just like sea-gulls. We are told that anyone can receive instructions in flying here, the government bearing the expense.

Tonight while eating at Bingen, we passed another battalion of soldiers, marching through the streets and as usual, singing the customary marching song in splendid harmony. We had a long talk with the head-waiter of the café where we ate and he explained to us the whole Nazi organization in Germany. As he spoke English quite well, we pumped him with questions and he assured us that the Germans, though intensely nationalistic are not military-minded and that the idea of peace is preached in both the press and in the schools. He also told us of the new labour union in Germany which is controlled by the Government and to which all workers belong. At various times of the year, a group of members of the union will be given cheap

rates, etc. and will all go away ^{together} for two or three days to some other part of Germany for a holiday. Bingen was full of such a group tonight. We saw them all walking toward the railway station, ready to go home and I am sure I have never seen such a happy crowd as these were.

Tonight we are camping in a beautiful little tourist village right on the Rhine. Above our heads ~~are~~ ^{one of the many} the ruins of ~~an~~ old castles which seem to abound this district. On the river, there are scores of steamboats plying up and down - both passenger boats and freighters.

While in the town tonight we saw an assembly of another battalion of soldiers, preparing to leave for the railway station after having spent two days here. We met a couple of students from Cologne University who added to our ^{collection of} information on the German situation. As usual, both were emphatic in saying that Germany is for peace and

not for war. They also remarked on the improvement of things in this district after 1930 which ended the period of French occupation here in Rhineland. So important had this been that French was actually taught in the schools here until 1930.

Liege
Belgium
Aug. 8

This morning at noon, we completed the remainder of the Rhine trip - certainly a very beautiful one. Again today, we saw countless ~~ships~~ tug, barges and passenger steamers on the river which is supposed to be the most active commercial water-way in the world.

At Cologne, we stopped off to view the town and inspect some of the main points of interest, particularly the Cologne Cathedral, supposedly the finest example of Gothic architecture in the world. It was certainly a beautiful place to see - particularly on a sunny afternoon as the windows of the cathedral towers produce ~~an~~ a very fine lighting effect on the inside when the sun is shining.

Of the three main bridges at Cologne there is one (a suspension bridge) which is exceptionally fine. At both ends of the span are huge lofty towers which can be seen from almost any part of the city. Tonight we crossed the Belgian

frontier and are at present staying at a small hotel in Liège, there being no camping spots along the way from the border.

Before retiring I became involved in an argument with a Belgian down stairs in the lobby of the hotel. He had been through the war and of course has little use for Germany and the Germans whom I was attempting to defend. Unfortunately however, my French is not sufficiently polished to use in an argument with one who speaks it fluently so that we actually got nowhere in our little discussion.

Brussels

Aug. 9.

Taking advantage of our stay in a real hotel room, we didn't get up until around noon. After a typical continental breakfast at the hotel we pushed on toward Brussels, stopping off in the middle of the afternoon by the side of the road for a short snooze and sun-bath.

About 4 pm. we reached Brussels and recalling that the International Friendship League has a centre here, we decided to take advantage of our membership and so drove out to the University where the League is meeting in one of the University residences. This is undoubtedly the finest place we have yet stayed at this summer. The building is a very fine one - modern in every respect and the rooms are large and sunny. To top everything the place is equipped with tile baths and showers so immediately upon our arrival, we took our first baths in 15 days (incidentally, much-needed ones).

Beside the gathering of the I.F.L. here which is mostly composed of English people there is another gathering of about

100 Scamese students from English universities. They appear to be quite a fine lot - much better dressed than we, a number of them being from Oxford and Cambridge.

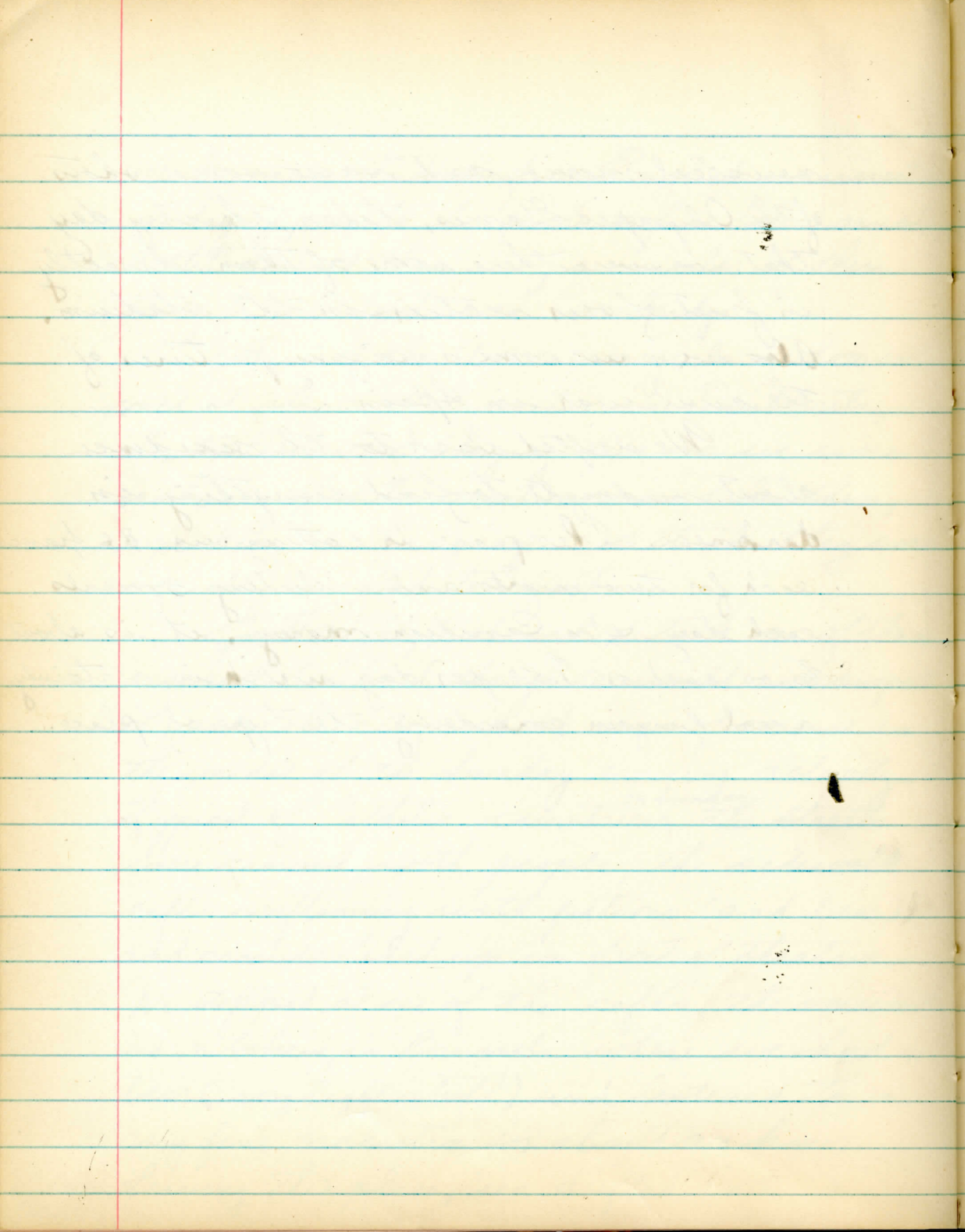
Two of the American girls whom we met at the A.F.L. centre in Diablerets, Switzerland are staying here so we were certainly glad to meet someone like them, speaking our language. - I think they were equally as glad to meet us.

~~Last~~ Tonight, Bob and I took one of them a school teacher (though one would never suspect it) into the city which was of course in the midst of the Sunday evening activity. Typical of Catholic countries, ^{on Sunday} the streets were crowded with people, the sidewalk cafés overflowing with patrons (and beer) and crowds lined up in front of theatres.

We stopped at one of the cafés, the smartest one, I believe, in Brussels where we had a beer (very light stuff) and listened to a very fine orchestra for about an hour. Leaving this place, we drifted into a

newsreel movie and saw some shots of the Olympic Games, taken the very day that we were there some of them directly in front of our section in the stadium. Also we saw some amazing pictures of the civil war in Spain.

We drifted back to the residence about midnight to find everything in darkness. This place is costing us 86 francs each for two nights and including 3 meals each day. In Canadian money, it is about \$3.00 each or \$1.50 per day which is certainly a real bargain considering the type of place.



Aug 10.
Brussels.

This morning, we all went down town with our two American girl-friends and looked over the main "drag" and business section of Brussels, also getting seats for tonight's opera at the Theatre. The morning seemed to pass very quickly for we were back at the residence in no time.

After lunch, I had a very lengthy and interesting discussion with one of the Siamese party staying here. His name is Dr. Siri Surannasankha, a young chap about 28 years of age and graduate of University of Bangkok, Siam of 5 years standing. He is also a Captain in the medical corps of the Siamese army and is at present on his way to London to take a post-graduate course in public health at London University. His English is quite fair and during our discussion, he explained to me all the doctrines and creeds of his, the Buddhist, religion - certainly very interesting to hear about. Around 3 pm., we all went into

the city, taking Dr. Seri with us. During the afternoon we had a look at the Law Courts, Botanical Gardens and the Hotel du Ville - all very interesting. The Seamese chap was particularly interesting company and he and I have become great friends.

Tonight we saw the opera "Faust" - the first opera I have ever seen. Though it was all sung in French and for this reason difficult to follow, it was certainly a wonderful presentation and I (as did the others) enjoyed it to the full.

Aug 12

5 miles

Left Brussels this morning around 10am from Canterbury and drove through the pouring rain to Ostend England to catch the boat. Just out of Brussels, one of ^{the} back wheels folded up completely on us — not unexpectedly however, as it has been creaking for the last 2000 miles owing to several broken spokes.

Unfortunately we didn't have sufficient time to see much of Ostend as our boat left at 4.15 and we arrived at 3.30. The crossing was fairly smooth though the sky dull, unlike the day we crossed over from Dover to Calais. About $\frac{1}{2}$ way across, the dirigible Von Hindenburg flew almost directly over the boat on its return voyage from New York to Germany.

Tonight we are camping in the same spot at which we stayed the night prior to our crossing the channel three weeks ago.

London

Aug 12

Arrived in the big city around noon and I was feeling terribly miserable - felt just as though I was catching the flu. As soon as we got settled at the hotel, I popped into bed while the other lads took the car down to be washed. Paul Nathanson called up and asked Bob and I to dinner this evening but unfortunately I couldn't, of course, make it.

London

Aug 13

Got out of bed this morning feeling as good as new. Good old Robert and Roly put me on an orange-juice diet yesterday afternoon and evening and I think that did the trick. I must have been getting run down from the combination of heavy continental meals and lack of sufficient exercise. Bob and I took the car back to Whitehall Motors this morning and ^{although} we got a little less for it than we expected, at the same time the deal was quite favourable to us.

Had lunch with Grand, Gardiner and Rogers today. We met them in Canada House

at noon. I also bumped into Edgar Harold of Paris while there.

After an ~~and~~ afternoon's shopping, I returned to the hotel and finished up the work on the accounts. Chuck, Bob and I had dinner tonight with Bob's sister, Marny, Lib Armstrong and ~~Mary~~ Jean Hillen all of Toronto and afterwards took them to see "Spread it Abroad", a very fine musical review which has been running here for some time. Patsy Beardmore was in the show prior to her going to Paris this summer.

After taking Jean home, I came across a gathering on the street (out near Hyde Park) with several policemen checking upon things and on inspection found a man lying in the midst of the gathering with his back badly torn, several cuts about the head and moaning in the weirdest way imaginable. He had evidently been knocked down by a car and was certainly in bad shape.

As all buses and tubes were closed at this hour and not wishing to bear the expense of the taxi, I walked home, reaching the hotel about 1.35 am.

London

Aug 14.

This morning I went over to the National Hotel and spent an hour or so with the Canadian Olympic Team who were staying there. Afterwards, Chuck and I went down to the Bank of England to look up Prof. Gilbert Jackson. Unfortunately we found that he was on his holidays but we managed to have a look around the building which is been done over completely.

At Canada House before lunch, I met the Rev. Col. G.E. Fallis from Toronto (our minister). He has been over for the Vimy pilgrimage and in fact was one of the speakers of the ceremony.

Had lunch with Mr. Alan Eason of the Imperial Airways and of course had a very pleasant chat at the same time.

In the afternoon, Bob and I had another look at Westminster Abbey and the parliament buildings, later joining Roy in an inspection of the museum of the Royal College of surgeons. The latter was extremely interesting, particularly to

Poly who had ~~some~~^{an} academic interest in it.

As I had formerly had only a quick glance through Madame Tussaud's wax-works on our first London visit I went again tonight with Jean Hiller who hadn't seen it before. Afterwards we went to the adjoining restaurant and danced until closing around 11 p.m. We took a tube out to her place and ^{after} strolled around her district for a while I took her home, arriving home myself about 1 am only to find Paul Nathanson there. He had some dope to tell me about what's going on in Spain so we went out again, had a sandwich and coca-cola ~~and~~ chatted in a nearby restaurant and chatted until 3 am when we decided that we were both too tired to stay up any longer.

Tomorrow we sail from Southampton. and as far as I'm concerned, it will be with many regrets for I am completely sold on the life of this side of the water and can hardly wait ~~until~~ until the next

opportunity to return presents itself.

Strait of
Belle Isle ^{here} 35

Aug. 21/34 Since leaving Southampton, I have dispensed with the regular daily installment as ~~the~~ ^{all} days on board ship are more-or-less the same though definitely very enjoyable.

Since leaving England I have spent practically all my time up in cabin class. It is very fortunate for us that some of my previous acquaintances are up there namely Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Oliver, formerly of Chatham and old friends of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Balfour Wilson and Alice Mary ^{Balfour} of Hamilton. Besides these we have become acquainted with two brothers (our age) from Wisconsin University and a Vancouver chap (Alpha Delta Phi) who is returning from two years sojourn at Oxford. Altogether we have been having a whale of a time and it will be with many

regrets when the party breaks up.

With the exception of the first day out, the crossing has been fairly smooth though the weather has been extremely cool and we've had a fair amount of fog and rain.

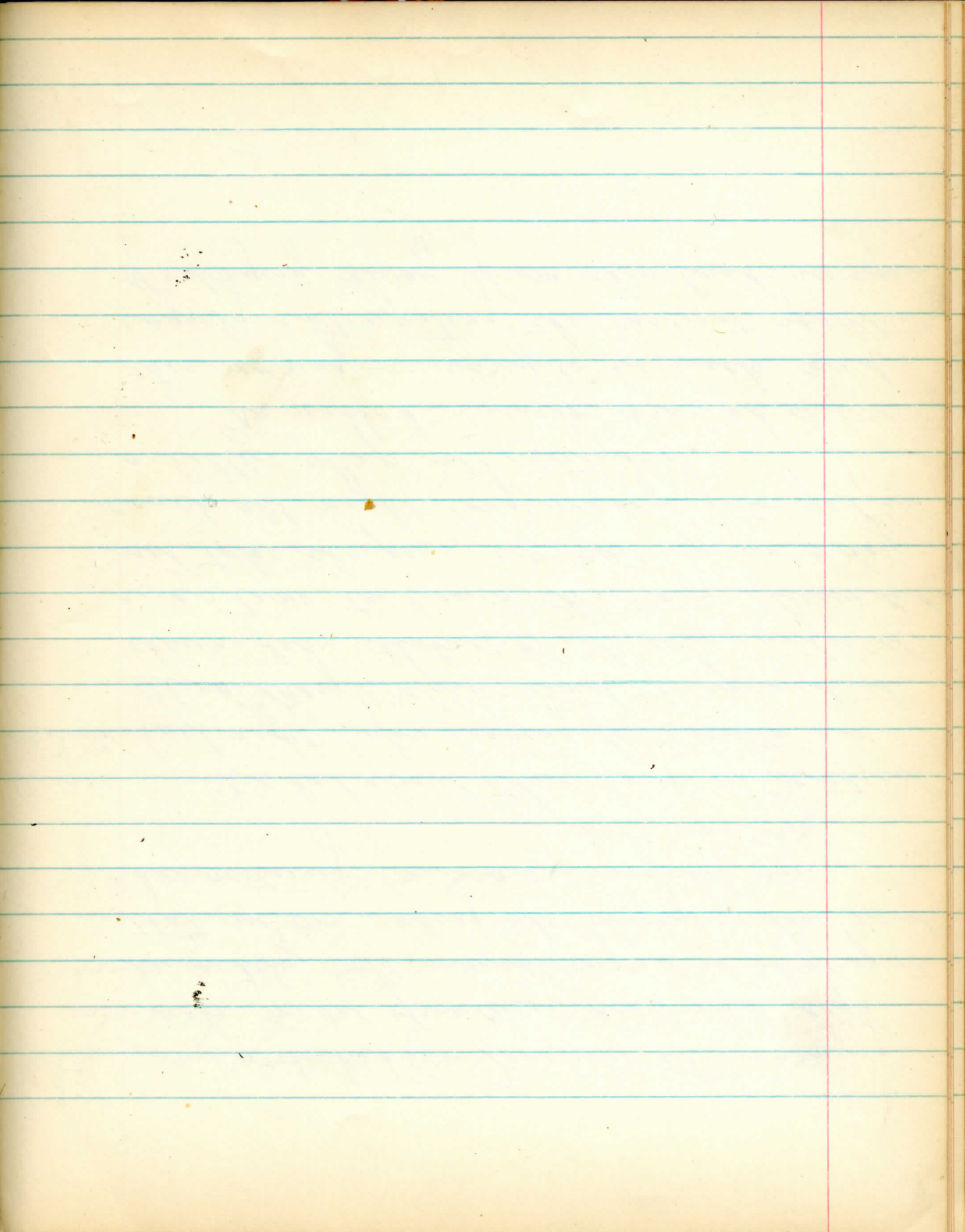
Aug. 23
Montreal

We docked at Montreal this evening in the midst of intense heat and high humidity. It is with a great deal of regret that we are ending the voyage now as it has certainly been an enjoyable one.

Aug 24
Toronto

We had about three hours in Montreal last night before leaving for Toronto so Alice Mary Balfour and I explored the down-town district of the city until it was time to board the train. As we did not take sleepers, we sat up in a day-coach all night long managing to get in a little sleep at intervals.

We reached Toronto around 8 a.m. this morning — very to be back and eagerly anticipating the earliest opportunity of straying away from this land once again.



Statement of Transportation Expenditures

Primary Expenses

Purchase of car £ 22

Sale " " £ 12

Cost of car's use £ 10

Tax on car (less refund) £ 3. 50

R.A.C. engineer's fee £ 1. 10

New tires & brake lining £ 5.

Insurance £ 5. 12 0

Customs documents, etc £ 2. 17 0. 6d

Channel crossing

(car & passengers, return) £ 13. 14 0

Total £ 41. 9 0. 6d = £ 208. 58

Gasoline

Gr. Britain - 139 gals - £ 9. 7 0. 10d = £ 47. 22

Continent 148.5 " - £ 73. 80

Total £ 121. 02

Oil

Gr. Britain - 23 gals - £ 1. 5 0. 7d = £ 6. 42

Continent - 22 gals - £ 9. 66

£ 16. 08

Repairs, grease-jobs, etc

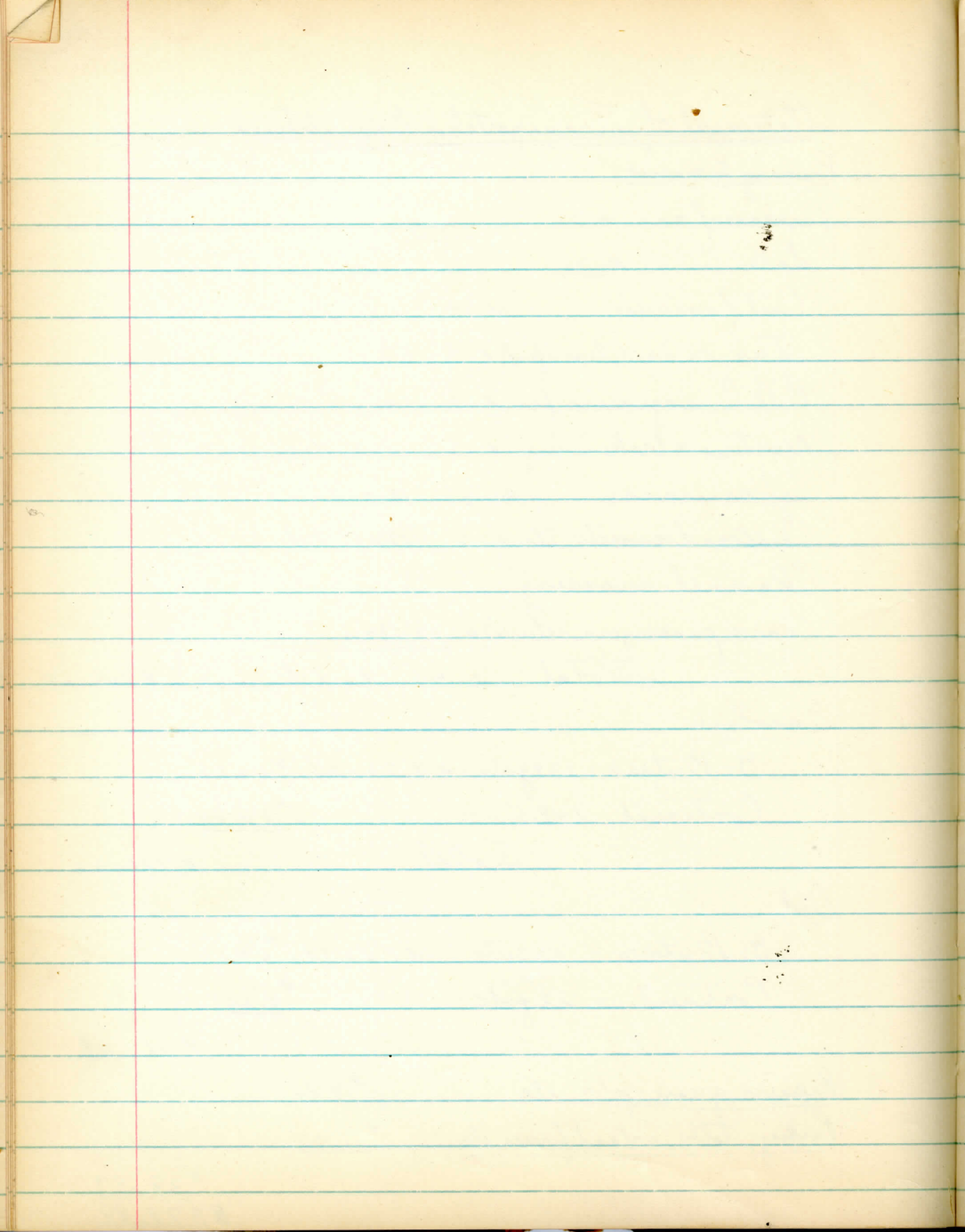
£ 7. 84

Parking, tolls, inland ferries, etc.

£ 11. 05

£ 28. 89

£ 372. 88



+ Being, Mr. Jones

X Taylor Mr & Mrs R. F.
Taylor Mr Chas
X Taylor Miss Florence
Thompson Mr Glenn
Ten Hagen, Mr Roy

X Von Gunten Mr & Mrs Alex
VanAllen Miss Betty

X Webster Hon. Senator L. C.
Webster Mr R. H.

Webster, Mr Eric

X Webster Mrs ^{and Mrs} Stuart
Webster Mr & Mrs Colin

Wright, Mr. E. J. R.

Williams, Mr & Mrs Hugo

X Peters, Mr. G. W.

Pigott, Mr. Jacques

Pigott, Mr. Bill

Rankin Mr. Alex

Smith, Mr. Frank M.

Scott, Mr. R. A.

X Stannell, Mr. + Mrs. May

X Shultz, Dr. J. M.

X Shultz, Mr. P. A. Jr.

Southworth, Mrs. Mary C.

- 1110 1111 1112
- x Nathanson, Mrs. Paul
 - x Nagel, Mrs. Carl
 - x Nagel, Mr. & Mrs. C.E.
 - Nathan, Mr. J.D.
 - Neslitt, Mrs. Jane

O'Connor, Mr. Larry

Lamson, Miss June

Lamson, Mr. & Mrs. B. E.

Luppold, Miss Helen

Morse, Mr. Robert R.

X Martin, Mr. Jamieson

McKeown, Mr. Edgar

Mason, Miss Betty

McEckie, Mr. Felix

McHale, Miss Anne

Majell, Miss Marjorie

Montanda, Miss Frances

X McNichol, Dr. & Mrs. Wallace

Martin, Mr. & Mrs. Vera (J. & Ch.)

X Holmes, Dr. & Mrs L. W.

X Harvath, Mr & Mrs Walter

Houston, Mr. A. M.

Kill, Mr. R. D.

Horning, Mr & Mrs Jack

Hastings, Mr & Mrs Gaylord

Harvie, Mr. Chas. H.

X Hare, Mr & Mrs Edgar

X Hulek, Mr & Mrs E. A.

Holland, Mr & Mrs Louis L. Jr.

Hicks, Dr. Vilhard

X Hannah, Mr & Mrs G. L.

Hunter, Mr. James S.

Jonas, Mr & Mrs J. J.

Kenerson, Miss Veto

X Koch, Mr & Mrs Atlas

X Haulkner, Mr. & Mrs. Sheldon

X Glenn, Mr. & Mrs. Chester

Greenfield, Mr. Chas.

Lamble, Mr. & Mrs. Howard

Gibbs, Mr. Kenneth

Daynor, Mr. Ber.

Dunsmore, Mr & Mrs F. Jr.

X Denison, Mr & Mrs Robert

Dennison, Mr. Bob

X Denison, Mr. Wells

X Eaton, Mr & Mrs

Edwards, Miss K.

Emmett, Mr. James

Chapman W.D.R

X Chapman Mr & Mrs E.A.

Currie Mr. Bill

X Crooks, Mr & Mrs H.A.

X Crowell, Mr & Mrs. Al.

X Case, Mr & Mrs L.W.

Case Miss Dorothy

Bearmore, Mrs. W. W.

Balfour, Miss Alice Mary

Brisco, Mr. Bill

Busio, Mr & Mrs E. C.

Bastedo, E. F.

X Bowlen, Wm.

X Butcher, Mr & Mrs C. Ward

Ball, Mr. Bill

+ Birmingham, Mr. Bill

X Adams, Coulson

112 St George St. - Toronto

X Asselin, Mr. & Mrs. Victor

- Brooklyn, N.Y.

X Allen, Dr. & Mrs. Fred

X Ashley, Mr. C. A.

X Armour, Mr. Jan.

